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Rubber and Typhoons Don't Mix

That goes for political typhoons as well as those of the ordinary variety. An illuminating article showing the bearing of this statement upon the plan to locate in the Philippines the great rubber plantations which America needs appears in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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...BURY COLLEGE L...
Springfield, Missouri

The Outlook

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A Chaotic Congress Helps the President

THE time draws nearer for shaping the issues and putting forward the candidates for the Presidential campaign of 1928. President Coolidge, silent as to his intentions, has had behind him until just now an apparently united party—united except for the element of Western radicalism. The common belief has been that he could have the Republican nomination if he wanted it.

Just now, however, the President faces for the first time opposition from many of those in Congress who have been Administration stalwarts heretofore. Two breaks have occurred—one with regard to the President's naval cruiser policy, the other with regard to his Nicaraguan policy. The leader of the opposition in the Nicaraguan question is Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, always an independent thinker. But the leaders of the cruiser question opposition are men who heretofore have made their actions conformable to Administration policies; such men, in the House, as Speaker Longworth and Majority Leader Tilson. Who will lead the championing of cruiser appropriations in the Senate is not yet apparent; but it is certain that the President's naval policy will be at least as strongly opposed there as it was in the House.

The President had consistently opposed any appropriation of money for the building of the three cruisers authorized in 1924. By agreeing to a new authorization for ten cruisers, but with no appropriation for building the ten or the three authorized in 1924, he had sought to compromise with a committee from the House which urged him to change his views.

Having failed to move the President, Republican leaders in the House determined to make an appropriation without his help. Representative Tilson introduced an amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill to provide $450,000 for beginning construction of the three cruisers already authorized. When the amendment came up for argument, Speaker Longworth took the very unusual step of leaving the chair and going to his seat on the floor to support the amendment. With one or two notable exceptions, the Republican stalwarts were lined up with him against the President's policy; and the coalition so long existent between Administration Republicans and organization Democrats was still working.

The coalition lost. That is nearly inexplicable, but it is true. The President's policy had no organized support, yet it won by a margin of two votes—137 to 135. Even with the help of organization Democrats, the Republican stalwarts could not defeat the President's do-nothing naval policy.

Does the result of this clash reveal Coolidge strength or Coolidge weakness? Only the future can answer. The difficult factor in a present analysis of the situation is that the men who gave the President his majority on this vote are men who are very unlikely to support him on anything else of first importance. What the vote on cruisers definitely reveals is the chaotic condition of Congress; of a Congress peculiarly unresponsive to leadership, a Congress of adverse factions that when for a moment they draw together can dominate a situation.

Nicaragua

IT is quite on the cards that many of the men who supported the President in his determination not to have any money appropriated for building cruisers will support Senator Borah in his opposition to the Administration policy concerning Nicaragua.

Borah, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, went to the White House and told the President that he could not approve what is being done in Nicaragua. His visit immediately preceded a Cabinet meeting. When the Cabinet adjourned, Secretary of State Kellogg reiterated the Administration policy. Then Borah issued a statement of the grounds of his objection to that policy. He declares that Diaz is in office in violation of the Nicaraguan Constitution and of the treaty between Central American republics, and is upheld by "sheer force of foreign arms." The break between the White House and the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate was clear and complete. Subsequently the President sent a detailed Message to Congress explaining his position, making quite clear that Mexican interference in Nicaraguan politics was the compelling reason for his course of action. The Message was unexpected, because Secretary Kellogg's appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was looked forward to as the next step in the situation.

When the Nicaraguan question reaches discussion in the Senate, as it must do sooner or later, Senator Borah will maintain, first, that we should not take any part in Nicaraguan political controversies, and, second, that we have taken the wrong part.

Apparently, Mr. Coolidge faces the most serious contest of his career as President on his Nicaraguan policy. On this subject we comment further editorially elsewhere.

Borah on Party Funds

SENATOR BORAH, whom many Americans have long looked upon as a potential candidate for the Presidency, either as a Republican or an independent, has been unusually much in the public eye recently, and that not alone because of his break with the President. He was the principal speaker at the banquet of the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement and Law Observance. He improved the opportunity not alone to discuss the recognized issues in law enforcement but, in connection with one of them, to propose a remedy wholly out of the ordinary.

Political parties, Senator Borah said, should be recognized as quasi-governmental institutions, and their legitimate expenses should be paid by the Government. In that way, he believes, we may eliminate or at least reduce to a minimum corruption in politics. In that connection he attacked vigorously the system of party financing now in use. There is no difference, he declared, between "taking money from those interested in electing a Senator who, as they believe, will favor their interests and in taking money from the same people for the same purpose to secure the success of a party in a National campaign." He declared that Smith's acceptance of the Insull money was "no different, bad as it is and indefensible as it is, from accepting contributions from those vitally concerned with tariff duties, the reduction of income taxes, the enforcement of trust laws, and like matters, as we are

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constantly doing in every political campaign." "Men," he said, "do not buy elections for amusement."

Political parties he described as the instruments through which responsibility is fixed. And he declared that institutions which control legislation, direct administration, and sustain or defeat National policies should not be financed by private capital. "It would be infinitely better for the people of this country," he said, "and it would come back to them a thousand times in the benefits of a clean public service to have these political parties treated as quasi-governmental institutions to the extent, at least, of the Government's taking care of the actual legitimate cost of a campaign."

Borah on Lawlessness

IN his address to the Committee of One Thousand Senator Borah delivered a double broadside. The other part of it was aimed at those who in opposition to prohibition "propose to elevate lawlessness into a principle of government and clothe it with all the sanctity of an inalienable right." And that was the dominant note of the proceedings of the Committee (of which Mr. Fred B. Smith is chairman), sounded by many of the speakers and in the resolutions adopted. The Committee concerned itself not so much with those who violate the Eighteenth Amendment as with those who seek to justify, on moral and Constitutional grounds, such violations.

The necessity of loyalty to the orderly and constitutional processes of government was stressed. The formal pronouncement of the Committee, after reviewing President Coolidge's recent statements on enforcement, was:

"We call upon the people of this country . . . to elect and support such public officials as may be trusted to carry out such principles, in order that the beacon light of an enlightened and constitutional democracy may show us the pathway of true National progress, in the midst of the sinister shadows that are cast by those who seek to overthrow our orderly forms of government in order to promote selfish and unworthy interests."

Immigration Quotas

THE immigration quotas for the principal countries of the world on the basis of national origins of the present population of the United States come out almost exactly as Congress meant that they should come out when the Immigration Act was passed. This may be somewhat surprising in view of recent newspaper comment to the effect that the national origins feature of the law would have a result different from that which Congress intended and that the President had ordered the Commission at work upon the problem to desist. This latter report was promptly corrected from the White House, and the President has now transmitted to the Senate the preliminary report of the Commission. The national origins quotas differ greatly, in many instances, from the quotas based on the Census of 1890, the present basis of admitting immigrants, but they come very close to what Congress expected they would be. There is, however, a tendency toward flattening out of curves. The quotas that are increased are not as greatly increased and those that are reduced are not as greatly reduced as Congress expected.

The facts are shown by comparison of the tentative tables by which Congress worked when fashioning the bill with quota tables as prepared by the Commission. Germany has, on the present basis, a quota of 51,227. Congress expected that this would be reduced to 20,028. It is actually reduced only to 23,428. Great Britain and northern Ireland have a quota of 34,007. Congress expected that this would be increased to 85,135. It is actually increased only to 73,039. The Irish Free State has a quota of 28,567. Congress expected it would be reduced to 8,330. It is actually reduced only to 13,862.

In some of the smaller quotas the expectations of Congress were slightly exceeded. The expectation was that the quota of Sweden on the national origins basis would be 3,072. It is actually 3,259. On the present basis, Sweden's quota is 9,561. Norway was expected to have a quota of only 2,053. It has, on the national origins basis, 2,267. On the 1890 basis, however, it has 6,453. Russia's quota was expected to work out 4,002. It actually works out 4,781. On the 1890 basis, it is only 2,248. All the way through, the tentative figures by which Congress worked are surprisingly close to the results obtained by the Commission after long, laborious effort. This fact, however, does not lessen the dissatisfaction with which the new quota basis is received by friends of the countries which can send fewer men and women to the United States under the new than under the old.

Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, whose State and section are interested largely in Scandinavian immigrants, has introduced a bill to repeal the national origins clause of the Immigration Act. The Commissioner of Immigration suggested in his latest report that it might better be repealed. And there is rumor in Washington that the President will decline to proclaim the new quotas, on the theory that this feature of the law is not mandatory but permissive. But White House rumor is, more frequently than not, wide of the mark. Since three members of the President's Cabinet—the Secretaries of State, Commerce, and Labor—have assumed that "the issuance of the proclamation provided for in paragraph 3, section 11, of said act is mandatory," any effort to escape the national origins basis is more likely to take the form of Congressional action than of executive inertia.

The Quota Commission's Job

THE intention of the Immigration Act of 1924 is to limit immigration to the United States from any country in any year to two per cent of the people of that stock already residing in the United States. For temporary purposes, the Census of 1890 was taken as the basis, but provision was made that the permanent basis should be the proportion from each country in the entire population of the United States from the beginning of our history. The temporary basis continues until July 1 of this year. The President is directed to proclaim the permanent basis by April 1, and it is to go into effect when the old expires.

The Commission which has worked out the permanent basis is composed of two representatives each of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Secretary of Labor. It is evident that their work has been tedious, difficult, and not in all respects satisfactory even to them. In reporting to their superiors, the Commissioners said: "While the burden of proof appears to rest upon those who may object to the classification as being seriously erroneous, we are not prepared to say that their criticisms may not be in some cases or to some extent justified."

None the less, the Commissioners believe that their work has been well done. The report they have made is only preliminary, but "it is believed that further investigation will not substantially alter the conclusions arrived at."

Perhaps no group of statisticians ever had a more difficult job than that which confronted these men. They worked with Census figures from 1790 to the present, with classifications by racial stocks of those who were in this country prior to 1790, with foreign statistics of population by provinces and by linguistic and racial groups, with names re-

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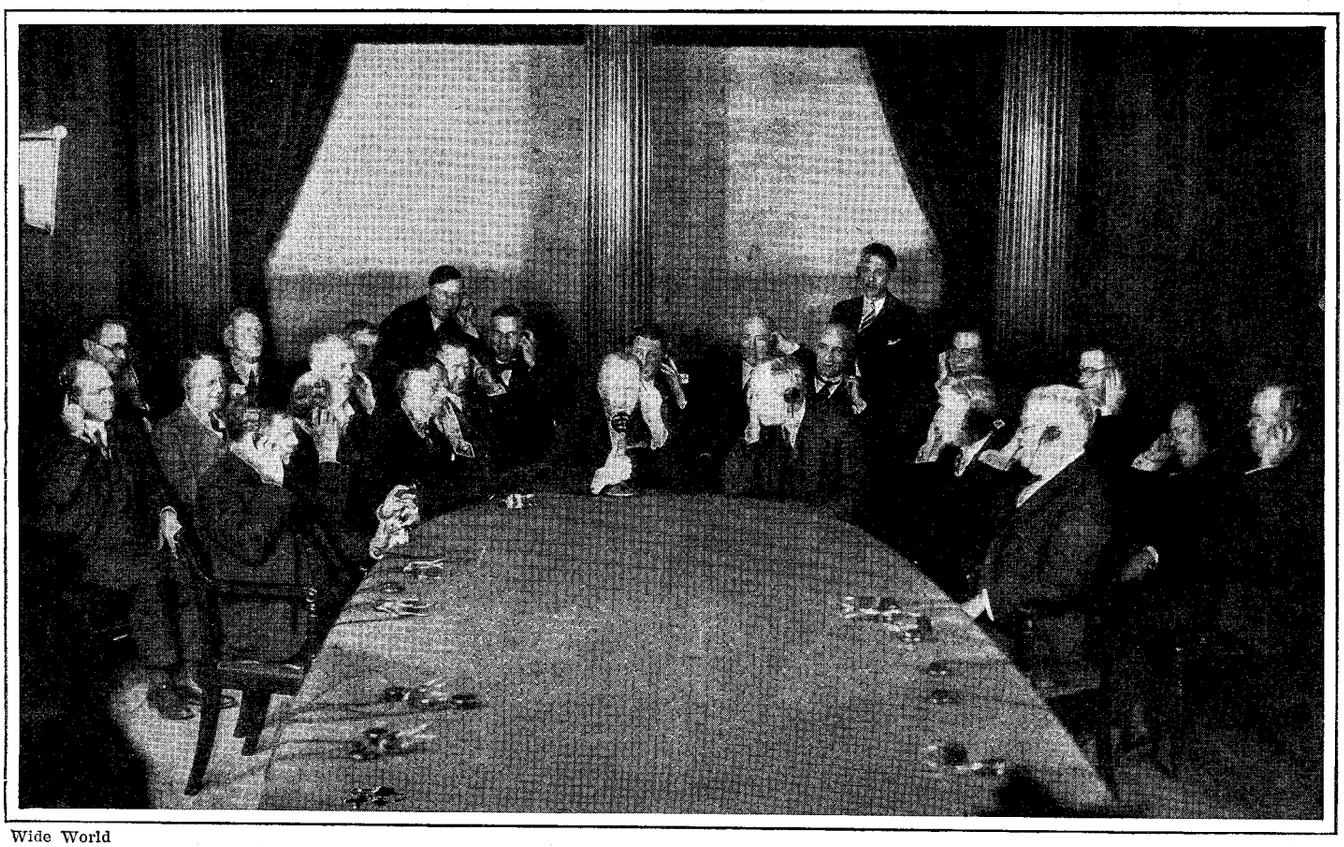

Wide World

Walter T. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, talks to Sir Evelyn Murray, Secretary of the General Post Office of Great Britain, while officials of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company listen in

corded in old schedules, with genealogical records.

The most difficult part of the task was, of course, to determine the national origins of the people who were in the United States in 1790, and the Commissioners admit that the data for this computation were not satisfactory. They do not believe, however, that any considerable injustice has been done. "As regards most of the nationalities of more recent immigration," they say, "their quotas would not be affected appreciably, if at all, by any errors that may exist in this classification, . . . because they were not represented in any considerable numbers in the population of the United States at that time."

The Transatlantic Telephone

THE three thousand linear miles of atmosphere between the United States and England were kept well occupied during the first week of New York-London telephone service by mammoth waves of electrical energy molded by voices. With businesslike directness officials of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the British Post Office conversed of the wonder that they were inaugurating. The Mayors of New York and London exchanged felicitous remarks. Newspaper men conducted interviews in the other hemisphere with all the nonchalance they could summon. Buyers belied their realization of the novelty of transactions across space by bargaining as if they were in the sellers' offices. Bankers took practical advantage of the new means of communication to consummate urgent deals in foreign exchange. One New York woman chatted $700 worth with a London friend, at $25 a minute.

This service which permits New Yorkers to talk with Londoners with no more difficulty than asking "Long Distance" for a London number or name, and then waiting until calls registered ahead have been completed, represents twenty years of research on the part of American electrical engineers. Toward the end of that period they have developed the improvements which have made overseas conversations possible: giant vacuum tubes that amplify the voice current two billion times before it is projected onto the air; the means of sending voice impulses in two directions over the same wave-length; sufficiently definite knowledge of conditions of heat and light and electricity on the earth's surface to be able partly to nullify their effect; sufficient understanding of the nature of radio waves to be able to divide them into their component parts for the advantage of the transmission; and other refinements of what seems to a layman almost transcendent knowledge of invisible forces.

Commerce and finance in both cities are confident that they have a genuine use for transatlantic oral communication, even at its present high cost, in arriving at understandings in which immediate personal reaction is an important factor. The high charge for calls is satisfactorily explained by the telephone company as determined by the fact that each call means exclusive use of equipment that represents an investment of $5,000,000. The very fact of that investment adds to the assurance of the real importance of the service. Companies capable of making such an investment do not do so without satisfactory information that they are meeting a paying need.

The Lesson of a Tragedy

THE outstanding lesson of the Montreal moving-picture-theater disaster is that of law observance. The seventy-seven children who died, most of them between six and fourteen years of age, were not burned; they were, in the words of one account, "crushed, choked, and trampled to death." When the panic arose in the balcony, in which hundreds of children were crowded, there were very few, if any, parents there to help and calm them, and no

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adult superintendence on the part of the theater. The law in Montreal, as in most other places, forbids the presence in the theater of children under sixteen unaccompanied. Evidently, the law is a dead letter, unobserved by parents, evaded by children, and ignored by the theater managers. The Montreal coroner told the jury which is investigating the calamity as we write: "I myself interrogated fifty-one parents last night, and I don't believe four of the children were accompanied by an adult, as required by law." It is common knowledge that this state of things exists very generally, and Americans will do well to take the lesson to themselves. Too many citizens are prone to regard municipal and national law as something to be dodged, and not as the ordered will of the people, determined on by the people themselves through their chosen representatives. There are not a few moving-picture places in this country in which the law as to children's attendance is as dead as it seems to be in Canada.

Theater construction and exits have been much improved since the Iroquois Theater tragedy in Chicago and other disasters, yet there are still many comparatively small moving-picture places in which children unattended may crowd into balconies. In the Montreal case the true, actual cause of the destruction of these young lives was the cupidity of managers and the criminal negligence of parents in disobeying the law. Without that the disaster would have been avoided or greatly lessened. Yet this theater was by no means safe, for it was a converted store, had no side exits, and its thronged balcony opened on stairs (rather narrow stairs, the press accounts say) each with a sharp, right-angled turn. In these corners the children, fighting to get down, met the back-pushing crush from the crowds rushing out below, and were piled in a madly striving mass.

The inquiry will doubtless place the responsibility on those who as theater officials or city inspectors broke the law or neglected their duty. But in the ultimate analysis the fault lay with the citizens who despised and disregarded the law.

The Chinese Dragon Shakes Its Tail

SERIOUS alarm is being felt—and rightly—for the safety of foreigners throughout China. Not since the Boxer uprisings has so vicious an antagonism to foreigners been shown by Chinese mobs as has developed in connection with the present Nationalist movement. We are in the midst of a critical change in the relations between China and the Western Powers.

American and British residents have had to flee from Hankow, in Central China, and from Kiukiang, 150 miles down the Yangtze River. At both of these points the forces of the Kuomingtang Government of South China are in control. The control of the Hankow and Kiukiang concession quarters, where the Americans and British lived, had to be turned over to Chinese police. Hostile mobs invaded the quarters in anti-foreign demonstrations which led to rioting and attacks on individuals caught in the streets. Only with difficulty was order restored sufficiently to make it possible for foreign residents and their families to leave and embark on river steamers for Shanghai.

Now it is reported that the South China armies may move on Shanghai, and that similar perils are to be feared for the foreign community of 40,000 inhabitants there. American Marine forces from Guam and British reinforcements are being rushed to Shanghai. And in North China the Peking administration—now under the control of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria—is said to be planning to take command of the foreign concessions at Tientsin, which would create a like danger.

Well-qualified observers of events in China, however, doubt whether the South China leaders will actually run the risk of antagonizing the foreign Powers at Shanghai. Set as they are upon freeing China from foreign control, these leaders do not want to provoke the issues involved in attacks upon foreign residents. The troubles at Hankow and Kiukiang were due to the difficulty of controlling inflamed mobs. The problem would be the same at Shanghai, but much greater in dimensions and significance. For this reason they may avoid the hazards of attempting to capture Shanghai at present.

The purposes which the South China party evidently is determined to pursue in dealing with the foreign Powers are set forth, with clear understanding, by John McC. Roots in his article in this issue of The Outlook on "Canton, China, and the Powers." The point of view which he explains is important for Americans to understand. It is becoming increasingly obvious that the United States, in common with the other Powers interested in China, will have to take the movement based upon it much more seriously into account if a greater menace to foreign residents and concerns in China is to be averted.

The Outlook's New Ally

FOR some months the Indianapolis "Star" has been co-operating with The Outlook in the teaching and study of current events. At the request of the Indianapolis School Board, the "Star" has published each week a study outline based on the current issues of the "Star" and The Outlook. The Outlook has been used as the text-book for National and international events, the "Star" for local and State-wide events.

This plan has proved of such value to the schools of Indiana that a similar arrangement has been made with the Newark "Evening News" for the benefit of the schools in the State of New Jersey. The Newark "News" is the foremost daily paper of New Jersey. Its co-operation in developing this plan for the careful study of current history is heartily appreciated by The Outlook.

The "News-Outlook" study plan is adapted not only for the use of public and private schools and colleges, but also for debating societies, social and civic clubs, parent-teacher associations, and for the individual adult reader who wishes to gain something more than a headline knowledge of the events of the day.

Both in Indiana and New Jersey this plan for linking up a study of local and National events has been brought about at the instance and upon the recommendation of the educational authorities. There are doubtless many other States which could use such a plan to advantage in their schools.

The Outlook will welcome any questions as to the best method of developing this plan in other States. State superintendents of education and superintendents of city schools will find that there is much of value, we believe, in promoting the use of a combination outline such as has been successfully used in Indiana and such as now has been initiated in New Jersey. Perhaps they will be interested in one of the many letters of indorsement of the New Jersey plan which have been received by Mr. Gathany. Mr. Gathany has been for many years a member of The Outlook's educational staff, and has now been placed in charge of preparing the combination outlines which will appear in the Newark "News." This letter comes from David B. Corson, Superintendent of Schools of Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Corson writes:

> Your plan for the study outlines of local events and current history to be

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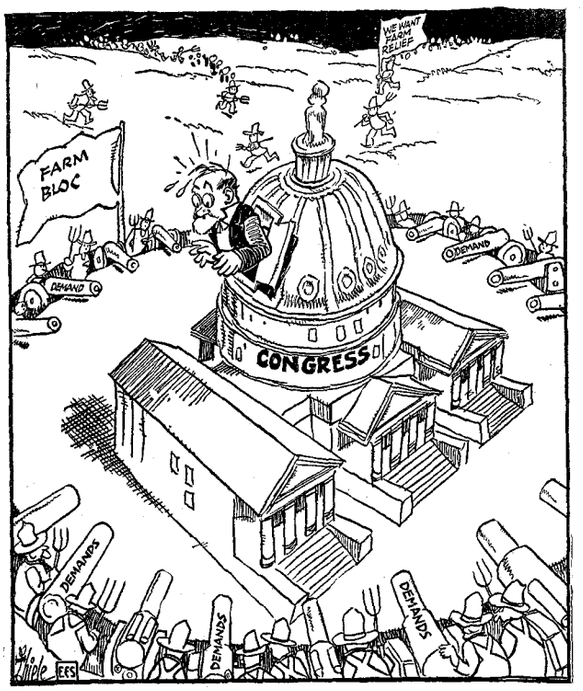
Hearts of controversy

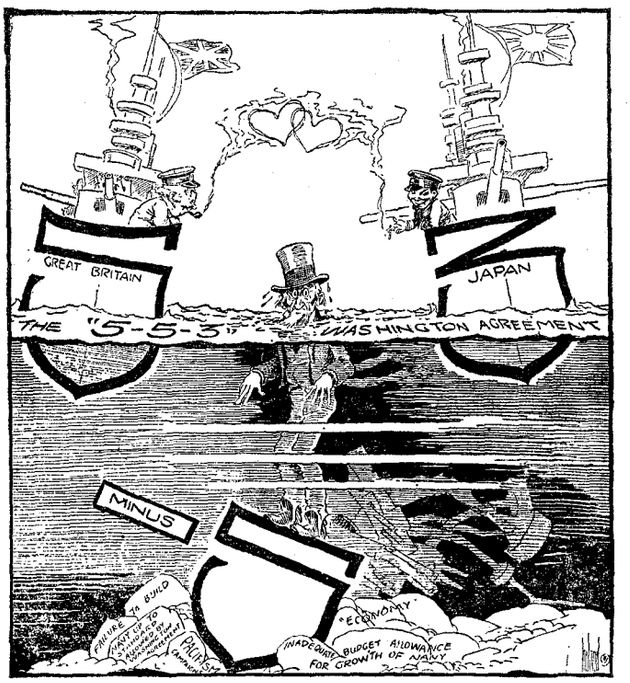
(Julius Cæsar, Act I, Scene 2)

Thiele for Editors Feature Service



"We intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."—Farmers

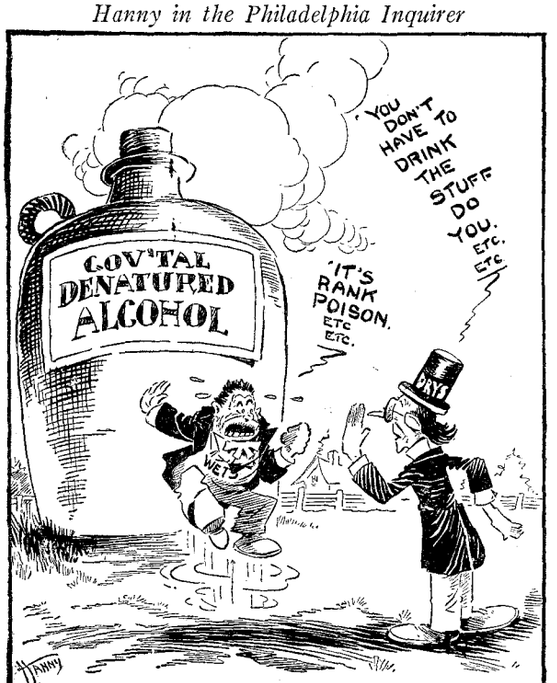
Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Evening Dispatch



Just beginning to realize that he is all wet

From Mrs. C. A. McAllister, Columbus, Ohio

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer



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The war is on again

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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What strange things we're hearing from China nowadays!

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

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published in a good newspaper interests me very much. The schools at the present time are giving a great deal of attention to current events. The discussions are often highly creditable not only to the intelligence of the pupils but to their industry in collecting information and to their interest in public affairs.

Your work on The Outlook has been so satisfactory and so useful that I think the plan has passed beyond the experimental state. The important thing is to have these outlines published in periodicals or journals of the very highest character. We do not wish to admit to the classrooms of the city publications that allow in their columns matter that would be considered objectionable by thoughtful people.

I am convinced that it would be advantageous for us to use in classrooms more and more journals of the type described above. To do so would make evident the fact that our pupils are studying social, economic, political problems of the day and not merely problems that confronted the people years or millenniums ago. I often think of the remark of Dr. Arnold of Rugby to the effect that he wished his pupils to drink from "a running stream and not from a stagnant pool." This expresses my feeling about admitting to the classrooms such material as proposed by you in your outlines of local events and current history.

Our Policy in Nicaragua

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has taken a wise step in delivering a special Message to Congress on his policy regarding the civil war in Nicaragua. We have been urging a clear explanation of the Administration's position. Now the President has given one, and we welcome it. That is the right way to enlist support. We know now where we stand.

The Government has decided to back Diaz, the Conservative President of Nicaragua, to send Marines to his capital at Managua, to allow him to get munitions from the United States. Some deliveries of munitions from Mexico to the rebel forces apparently have been blocked. The President, in his special Message, has reviewed the development of the crisis: how mounting rebellion forced the dictator, General Chamorro, to resign; how Diaz was elected by the Nicaraguan Congress under an emergency provision of the Constitution; how the United States and most of the Latin-American republics recognized his Government; how Mexico declined either to do so or to join in an embargo on shipments of munitions, and instead recognized the rebel administration headed by the Liberal leader and former Vice-President, Dr. Sacasa, who went to Nicaragua from Mexico City. The President also has indicated that arms have been supplied to the rebels with Mexican official sanction. Undoubtedly he has further information; but he has disclosed enough to make it obvious that there has been a mischievous Mexican co-operation with the forces of rebellion in Nicaragua. He has emphasized our duty to safeguard the legitimate interests of citizens of the United States and of other nations in Nicaragua, and our vital concern in a possible Nicaraguan canal.

For the policy on which the Administration has decided, as far as it goes, a fair case has been made; and with the reasons which have been advanced there can be no logical quarrel. Certain liberal critics contend that what happens in Central America is not rightly any concern of ours. Their favorite slogan is "Hands off!" The implication is that all we have to do is to let events take their course as the natives of the country desire, and then adjust our policy and relations in accord with the outcome. But—as the President has shown—the situation is not so simple and our policy cannot be determined so easily.

In any case, we could not help influencing the result of the civil war. The United States is the only Great Power in this hemisphere. It is well known that our attitude is often sufficient to decide an election in a Central American republic. Even in Mexico President Calles has lately admitted that withdrawal of the recognition of the United States from his Government would probably precipitate a revolutionary movement. That is a measure of the influence we unavoidably wield.

More than that, we warn other Powers off. Under the Monroe Doctrine, any attempt by one of the European Powers to interfere in the course of events in a Latin-American country would be regarded by us as an unfriendly act. The logical conclusion of the argument of our non-interventionists would be the renunciation of the Monroe Doctrine. But none of them propose that. On the contrary, they are often as vociferous in contending that we should keep others from intervening as that we should not intervene ourselves. But we cannot say that other nations shall do nothing to protect their interests, and then do nothing ourselves.

We have made ourselves sponsors for the maintenance of reasonable order and security for international interests in Latin America, and especially in the weaker republics of Central America. That area is one of turbulent politics and frequent conflicts between rival factions for power over countries inhabited largely by uneducated Indian and mixed populations. At the same time, its resources make it important to the modern industrial world. It cannot be abandoned to the disorders of partisan feuds. The President has stated our responsibility in this region clearly.

To discharge such a responsibility, however, implies sufficient naval force to make our policies effective and to command the respect of Europe. The Administration has been advocating limitation of the Navy appropriations. One of the worst mistakes in National policy is to take positions which call for the use of power if necessary, and then not to provide adequate power.

Furthermore, the course we take in Nicaragua cannot be considered only in terms of its local bearing. We have to take into account its effect on our relations and interests throughout Latin America. Unfortunately, there is widespread suspicion of our motives. To correct that suspicion is a difficult and delicate task. The most promising way would be to call for new general elections in Nicaragua, and supervise them, as we did in 1925. It may be asserted that elections in Nicaragua are largely a matter of form. But we are endeavoring to establish the principle of representative government in Central America. The only way to do that in Nicaragua now is to support the emergency Government and see that it is replaced by a regularly elected Government. Such an appeal to public opinion is the best proof we can give to other nations that we do not seek to dictate.

The Yellowowstone Grab

Invaders

IN accordance with its policy, The Outlook cordially opens its columns to the strongest and most authoritative statement that can be made in opposition to its own campaign for the preservation of the Yellowstone National Park against commercial invasion. The Honorable Addison T. Smith, author of the article in this issue advocating the building of an irrigation reservoir in the southwest corner of Yellowstone Park and the destruction of the Bechler Meadows there, is Chairman of the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation and member of the Committee on Public Lands, House of Representatives, and as such speaks with the authority of acquaintance with public lands, in which

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the Parks are included, and irrigation, for which this particular region in a National Park is desired. There could be no more authoritative spokesman for the cause of turning National Park territory over to private interests.

As Representative of the Second District of Idaho, the Honorable Addison T. Smith has among his constituents the people, said to number some 30,000, who would profit by getting water cheaply by the proposed diversion of public Park land from its true function; but he is not only a representative of these constituents, but also a member of the National House of Representatives, and as such he is one of the trustees of those lands that belong to the whole American people. He has chosen to be the spokesman for 30,000 instead of being the spokesman for 115,000,000 Americans.

As their spokesman, the Honorable Addison T. Smith represents these 30,000 people as retrograding. He does not mention the fact that in the irrigated parts of that section—the very parts that claim to need more water—land is worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre, and that in the unirrigated part, where crops are cultivated by what is known as "dry farming," land is worth from thirty to forty dollars an acre. The picture of an abandoned farm is apparently a mute appeal for water. As a matter of fact, it is more likely to be a mute appeal for common sense. An abandoned farm often tells the story of some one who started a venture without sufficient capital or without sufficient experience. There are people who will rush into the desert and fail. In his pamphlet on "Federal Reclamation: What It Should Include" Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of Reclamation, prints the picture of an abandoned homestead with the caption, "One of the results of not selecting settlers on the basis of approved qualifications." If abandoned farms are argument for Government aid, New England might have something to say; for there are plenty of abandoned farms there. But under no circumstances is an abandoned farm argument for the perversion of public parks.

In his article Mr. Smith points out that the pending bill in Congress for the adjustment of boundaries between the Yellowstone Park and adjacent National Forests will exclude some land from the Park, and asks, "Why do you propose this elimination, if you wish to be consistent?" Mr. Smith very well knows the answer. That bill does not propose to turn Park land over to commercial purposes against the will of the Park Service. On the contrary, it improves the boundaries of the Park, taking nothing from the public domain, but adjusting territory between the Parks and the Forests to the great benefit of Yellowstone Park. It leaves the land the property of the American people. It ought to pass. It is in the interest of the people, and not of an irrigation company and of land speculators.

Mr. Smith inadvertently, we are sure, makes an incorrect statement. The lake which he says was excluded from a National Park for irrigation purposes was in fact an irrigation reservoir already in use of which only a part was nominally within a Park boundary. Half of this reservoir already lay outside the Park.

Even if there were no reservoir sites available for the people of Madison, Fremont, and Jefferson Counties in Idaho, the issue would remain unchanged between those who want to commercialize our Parks and those who wish to keep them unspoiled. But there are reservoir sites. Let Mr. Smith turn to the Hearings of the House Committee on Public Lands, of which he is a member, and on page 211 he will find a Government engineer's report of a reservoir site providing for the impounding of more than twice as much water as would be stored at the Bechler Meadows. There are other dam sites. The objection to these is that the building of reservoirs there would cost more than a reservoir in the Park. Mr. Smith complains at the lack of frankness and fairness on the part of those who are opposing the spoliation of the Yellowstone. Should not those for whom he speaks be frank and fair?

Mr. Smith refers to the Bechler Meadows as low, swampy land, and cites as proof the markings on Government topographical maps. Early maps of this region are notoriously inaccurate. We have maps before us as we write that are totally inconsistent even as to the flow of streams. For some reason, the Honorable Addison T. Smith seems to be unacquainted with the most recent topographical map of that region, revised by C. H. Birdseye in 1921 from the Geological Survey Atlas sheets. From that map all swamp symbols in the Bechler Meadow region have been removed. As a matter of fact, the Bechler Meadows are not a swamp. Of the 8,000 acres, there may be, all told, two or three hundred acres of patches of swamp, some created by beaver dams. Of course the grass that grows there is not swamp grass. It is forage for browsing animals, as Park rangers can testify who have guarded that part of the Park against those who would like to use it for grazing purposes. The fact that the timber there is not of commercial value, even if it could be proved true, has no bearing upon the question, as Park forests are not used for commercial timber.

It is considerate of the Idahoans who want these Meadows for themselves that they do not intend to inundate any cascades. What bearing has that upon the question? We have not even hinted that the waterfalls would be inundated. It is no defense against conspiracy to seize a meadow that there is no plan to seize a waterfall. If the meadows go, be sure that the waterfalls will follow. Those who want to make commercial use of the National Parks will not stop with meadows or any other treasures of beauty. They have not even stopped at Yellowstone Lake. The whole Park is full of treasures that commercial interests crave. Their attorneys in Congress and out would never cease their pleas for more once they got their hands in.

We are sorry that the Honorable Addison T. Smith has chosen to speak for those who want to take land from the Park for the purpose of making money; for to those interests he might have chosen to declare that he was elected to serve, not merely some of his constituents or all of his constituents, but the people also of the whole Nation.

Americans, keep the looters out.

Radio Legislation

ELSEWHERE in this issue our Washington correspondent reports the discussion in Congress concerning Federal regulation of the radio.

That there has been little public commotion over this discussion, in spite of the popularity of the radio, is partly due to the fact that the American people have largely lost their old fear of big corporations. This in turn is due to several causes:

First, the conclusion, gradually reached by public opinion, that in business bigness is not necessarily badness;

Second, the growth of the democratic spirit in industry, particularly through the democratic ownership, management, and methods of some of the greatest corporations—notably the American Telegraph and Telephone Company;

Third, the recognition that in certain spheres of activity, especially in communications, monopoly is inevitable and, properly guarded, desirable.

At the same time there is no longer the resistance to the principle of Governmental regulation that once made the great corporation a political issue.

Now with the rise of a new industry, communication by radio, the old issues

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do not have to be fought over again. But some things, it seems to us, should be settled now while the industry is young:

First, the door should not yet be shut, if ever, against possible competition between wire and wireless communication;

Second, in providing regulation Congress should avoid encouragement to bureaucracy;

Third, executive functions should be retained in the executive branch and not made subordinate to the legislative.

Student Crusaders

SOME day the "student crusaders" whom Mr. Van Kirk portrays in his article in this issue will assume the responsibility of mature men and women. Some of them will be managers in industry and face problems of labor and of property as they arrive in concrete form. They will be vexed by unreasonable demands. They will be careworn by the effort to reconcile apparently reasonable demands that are conflicting. They will have assumed obligations to others who have no sense of obligation in return. Some of them will be called to help in conquering stubborn nature, and will find that theories which seemed workable on paper are strangely contradicted by experience. Some of them will respond to the summons of adventure, and will learn the value of recompense for risk. Some of them will become acquainted with the difficult art of directing the household and governing the family. Some of them will face the practical question of reconciling mutual good will between those of different faiths and joint action for the common good with the maintenance of religious liberty, untrammeled by the compulsion of authority. Some of them will enter the public service and face the problems involved in both carrying out the will of those they serve and at the same time maintaining their own integrity of conduct and conviction. All of them will be sure to find that the ideals to which they now hold will have to be subjected to the severe test of life.

It is virtually certain that none of those who participated in the National Student Conference at Milwaukee will hold unchanged the views they now profess. But what they hold to-day is a sign of what they will hold ten, fifteen, twenty years hence. Perhaps we of to-day can catch a glimpse of the future by scanning what these student crusaders express as their hopes and beliefs. That some of them will lose their hopes and abandon their beliefs is perhaps inevitable; but most of them will still hope and still believe, though what they hope for and what they believe in will change with the years.

Their elders will do well to recall their own early ideals and to make sure that in the process of testing them by experience they have not lost the power to believe and to hope.

A Columnist of the South

FRANK L. STANTON was not quite the first of the daily newspaper editorial page column conductors. He was not quite the last. But he was among the first contingent of them, contemporary of Eugene Field and Robert J. Burdette. He outlasted them all, saw generations of new ones come and go. When he died the other day, the harness marks still fresh upon him and clear forty years of daily column-making behind him, it might almost have been said that the newspaper column as he knew it died with him. The column as an institution in American journalism had changed almost beyond recognition. His alone remained the same.

There were in this simple, kindly man —last survivor of Henry W. Grady's editorial staff, most noted protégé of Joel Chandler Harris—many unusual qualities. That he could turn out practically every day for forty years a column of verse and quip and homely philosophy, that he could make it unfailingly cheerful and keep it always free of slap-stick, was a revelation of qualities that few men possess. That he was able always to resist the temptation to the mediocrity of "syndicate stuff" and to put individuality into one newspaper, the Atlanta "Constitution," was a revelation, perhaps, of something lacking. He had not the ability, apparently he had not the desire, to turn his art to the making of money.

There are those who will say of Stanton that he was a sentimentalist. Sentiment was chief among the metals in which he worked. But those who have been touched by "Just A-wearyin' for You" or "Mighty Lak a Rose," two of his poems that were set to music, will agree that his sentimentalism was of the worthier kind, the sentimentalism of reverence and idealism. Some one has said of him that he continued to sing "Sweet Little Woman" through an age that reveled in "Red Hot Mama."

There may be those among the moderns who will deny to Stanton the title of humorist. But it can be said of him that such humor as he had never cut with a frozen lash, never seared where it fell, never left a scar.

Perhaps it is not to be claimed for Stanton that he was a poet in the stricter sense, but no one who has closely followed his work can doubt that among his thousands of verses there were some poems. In his "Bells of Saint Michael's" there was a cadence that has found an echo in the poetry both of Masefield and of Kipling. In a small thing that was printed in his column in its early days he painted as perhaps no other man has done the stark horror of lynching—of the corpse swinging in the wind at dawn, of the wife and children, half clad, cowering in a cabin by a cotton field, of the debased avengers slinking home. We hazard the guess that these lines of Stanton's have exerted through three decades and more a profounder influence toward curbing lynching than have many more pretentious efforts. As to the essential poetic quality of them, those who are interested may satisfy themselves by turning to them in Stedman's "American Anthology."

Stanton was a home body. Not often in the forty years that he worked in Atlanta did he stray many miles from the Five Corners. As age came on, he became more and more rooted to his office and his home. Ten years ago a man who is now a member of The Outlook staff made a trip to Atlanta for the purpose of urging Mr. Stanton to attend a meeting of column conductors —the American Press Humorists. Mr. Stanton, who had always written a letter to be read at the annual meetings, took kindly to the idea of attending one, and said that he would do so unless something wholly unforeseen should prevent. The messenger, delighted that the oldest of the column conductors was to be present at the next meeting, shook hands and said, "Until then, good-by." A member of the "Constitution" staff followed him into the hall. "I am going to tell you the truth now," he said, "to keep you from being too much disappointed later on. It is all right to let Mr. Stanton think that he is coming to your meeting, but he is not. He couldn't stand the trip. Two or three years ago we permitted him to go up to Chattanooga, and it nearly killed him."

Home body—and an exile from home! A lowland South Carolinian chained to his work in the Georgia hills! There are few more pathetic expressions of the human longing for the old home than Stanton's "Harvest Song"—"I shall not see the fields of Lee or reap in them again."

Though he gave pleasure to thousands of readers by many kinds of writing, he was at his best when he wrote little verses in the Negro dialect. And it is a

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tribute to the column conductors who are still with us that one of them chronicled the passing of the old man thus:

Beat yo' bres' an' moan in sorrow,
Honey, bow yo' haid;
Who's gwine sing our song to-morrow?—
Frank L. Stanton's daid!

Abrogation by Enforcement?

WE were under the impression that the New York "Evening World" had come out in favor of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment to the limit. The purpose of the New York "Evening World" was, we understood, to bring about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the abrogation of the Volstead Act by the simple process of enforcing them both. In our issue of January 5 we commended this stand of the New York "Evening World," although we expressed our doubt as to whether the enforcement of prohibition would bring about its repeal.

We now find that the "Evening World" has no desire to enforce the Volstead Act. What it apparently wishes to do is to enforce some purely imaginary statute which has no bearing either upon the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act. It has indorsed Senator Edwards's plan to enact a search and seizure law authorizing the Government to break into American homes and destroy any alcoholic beverages found therein. Senator Edwards and the New York "Evening World" base their demand for such an act on the fact that the possession of pre-Volstead liquor in the homes of the wealthy makes for class distinction and class jealousy. There is certainly something to be said for this point of view, but, even if it is wholly correct, such a policy could have no sanction in National law. If the "Evening World" wants to make the Volstead Act unpopular by enforcing it, why doesn't it confine itself to the law as it stands? Why attempt to make the Prohibition Law unpopular by turning it into something which not even the most rabid of prohibitionists ever contemplated?

The "Evening World" is not only barking up a wrong tree, but it has gone to the trouble of planting a tree up which to bark.

To Unscramble the Air

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

THE air is a box full of jumbled jazz. Why bother with straightening out such worthless stuff unless we can empty the box of the mess that is in it and fill it with something better?

Some such reasoning has been responsible for the failure of two Congresses at both sessions and of the present one at its first session to enact radio legislation. It may make agreement impossible among the conferees who now are trying to bring into accord the White Bill, which has passed the House, and the Dill Bill, which has passed the Senate.

The White Bill is regarded as an Administration measure. It is supposed to have the full approval of Secretary of Commerce Hoover, whose Department, thus far, has done whatever has been done toward regulating radio. The White Bill is supposed, also, to have the approval, with one or two reservations, of the radio industry.

The advocates of the Dill Bill, and some who do not believe that either bill contains the right remedy, are honestly convinced that the White Bill, if it became law, would leave broadcasting as pusillanimous as ever, or even make it worse. That conviction is based mainly on the belief that radio broadcasting is controlled by an iron-bound monopoly whose members have secured practically all of the best wave-lengths, and that those who would broadcast genuinely worth-while programs either cannot get a license at all or must operate on wave-lengths and under power limitations that make it impossible for them to reach any large part of the public. The conviction is that the Department of Commerce, under whose unauthorized supervision this situation was set up, would be unable to overturn it even with such authority as the White Bill would give.

It is not for a journalist—or a journal—to judge whether such a monopoly does or does not exist. But, since this writer and this publication have been disposed to favor the White Bill, it is the part of fairness to make some statement of the purposes of its opponents.

THE belief that a radio monopoly exists is not new. The committee which, in the Sixty-seventh Congress four years ago, reported out the White Bill said: "Apprehension has been expressed, and there is evidence sufficient to raise the question in reasonable minds, that certain companies and interests have been endeavoring to establish a monopoly in wireless communication through control of the manufacture and sale of radio instruments, through contractual arrangements giving exclusive privileges in the transmission and exchange of messages, and through other means."

Later in the same session the same committee said, in a report: "It is a matter of common assertion that the development of the art, its use and enjoyment, is being hampered and restricted through the acquisition by a few closely affiliated interests of basic radio patents, and that the intent and effect of the practices of these interests is to establish a monopoly in radio instruments and parts thereof."

In the next Congress, the Sixty-eighth, Secretary of Commerce Hoover said, while testifying before a committee of the House, "The question of monopoly in radio communication must be squarely met."

Prior to that, however, Congress had asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate, and the Commission had reported. The Commission did not, in its report, undertake to say whether a monopoly existed or not, but submitted a great array of data as to contracts entered into by the outstanding interests in radio communication. A little later, however, the Federal Trade Commission, on its own motion, filed a complaint charging monopoly and seeking a "cease and desist" order. All of the Commissioners except Mr. Van Fleet agreed.

NOTHING ever came of the Federal Trade Commission complaint. Shortly after it was filed some old members went out, some new members came in, and there was, to a certain extent, a change of policy with regard to prosecuting monopoly complaints.

The complaint, however, still stands. And it is a startling document. It makes the charge of monopoly against the General Electric Company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Western Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the International Radio Telegraph

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Company, the United Fruit Company, the Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company, and the Radio Corporation of America. The names of some of these companies are known to practically all persons. The ones that are not well known are subsidiaries of the others—the Western Electric Company of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the International Radio Telegraph Company of Westinghouse, the Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company of the United Fruit Company. Essentially, therefore, the charge of creating and maintaining a monopoly is made against the General Electric Company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Westinghouse Electrical and Manufacturing Company, and the United Fruit Company. It is charged that the ownership of the Radio Corporation of America was participated in, and that agreements with it were made, by these four and their subsidiaries for the purpose of making the monopoly effective.

The complaint sets forth in considerable detail nineteen contracts said to have been entered into among the respondents named for the purpose of monopolizing the radio field.

SOME of the provisions of these contracts, as set forth, are:

For pooling all patents of all the parties for all wire and wireless telegraph and telephone devices, and for all radio devices for a period terminating on January 1, 1945. There are some minor exceptions as to the life of contracts. A few of them run for a period of only ten years.

For giving to different members of the combination a monopoly in one or more of these fields and pledging all the parties not to compete in such fields.

For representation of all members in the purchase of patents by any member and for the requirement by all members that their employees shall assign their inventions and patents to employers.

Among the effects of the contracts alleged are:

That the public service system of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is protected from radio competition.

That a practical monopoly of manufacturing radio devices is secured to the General Electric Company and Westinghouse.

That the Radio Corporation of America is given a practical monopoly in using and selling radio devices, but is prohibited from using or selling them in competition with wire telephone business.

THE Dill Bill contains a provision requiring applicants for license to file, under oath, a complete statement of all agreements and contracts with other persons engaged in radio business and of ownership in any corporation or association so engaged. The White Bill does not contain such a provision. It does, however, direct the Secretary of Commerce to refuse a station license to any applicant who has been convicted in a Federal court of monopolizing or attempting to monopolize radio communication. Some of the advocates of the Dill Bill say that the provision of the White Bill would be ineffective, but that the provision in the Dill Bill would result in breaking up the radio monopoly and in giving radio a chance to develop its full measure of usefulness.

This is the central point of conflict between the advocates of the two bills. Much more has been said about the difference between them as to where the power of radio regulation shall be lodged, but that, large as it bulks, is regarded, at least by many of the Dill Bill people, as subsidiary to the other.

The Dill Bill would place complete control of radio in a permanent commission of five members, chosen from as many sections of the United States. The commission would have power, not merely to assign wave-lengths, grant licenses and the like, but to regulate rates and to make regulations insuring against discrimination among users of radio broadcasting.

The White Bill would leave the administrative work of radio control in the Department of Commerce, but would create a commission, to meet upon call, for the exercise of quasi-judicial functions.

The advocates of the Dill Bill do not believe that the White Bill commission could be effective. Men of first-rate ability, they contend, would not accept positions that could give them, at most, only four months of employment a year but would take them away from their own businesses at inconvenient times. Business men serving on such a commission, it is contended, would be always in a hurry to get through with the public business and back to their private affairs, and thus would never become experts on radio regulation, but would always remain rubber stamps of the Secretary of Commerce.

Every advocate of the Dill Bill, so far as can be ascertained, deplores the necessity for setting up a new commission of any kind, but, since there must be a commission of some kind, they want it to be of what they regard as the most effective kind. And they contend that the cost of a permanent commission would be little, if any, greater than the cost of a commission paid for the time it is in session plus the administration costs in the Department of Commerce. Neither the cost nor the danger of bureaucratic methods, they contend, would be any greater under the permanent commission plan than under the part-time commission—Department of Commerce plan.

BUT, after all, it is the unsnarling of the present tangle in the air rather than the permanent administration of radio that the Dill Bill advocates insist must be done by a commission, and not by the Department of Commerce.

The proceedings of conference committees, pending agreement, are not open to the public. None the less, they are rarely entirely secret. And the understanding is somewhat general in Washington that the Senate conferees have offered a compromise which would leave radio control in the Department of Commerce after a period of one year. During that year a commission similar to that provided for in the Dill Bill would unscramble the air, make a complete reassignment of wave-lengths, distribute them equitably over the country, take some of the good ones out of the hands of the alleged monopolists and jazz jammers, and give them to universities and other institutions that would broadcast programs of genuine interest and worth. In short, the commission created for the period of a year, would be given the job of reclaiming the ether for the public and of organizing it in such way as to make it serve the public. That done, administration would revert to the Department of Commerce, with, probably, some sort of appellate commission.

It does not appear, however, that anybody regards this as the final solution. It is contended that ultimately the Government must, through some agency, regulate communications much as it now regulates transportation through the Inter-State Commerce Commission. That Commission, it appears, now has authority of law to regulate communications, but has not the time or the machinery for undertaking it. And wireless communication, it is asserted, has become so entangled with wire communication that the two must be handled together. Finally, it is asserted, Congress will find it necessary either to create a Communications Commission or to establish a Communications Division of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

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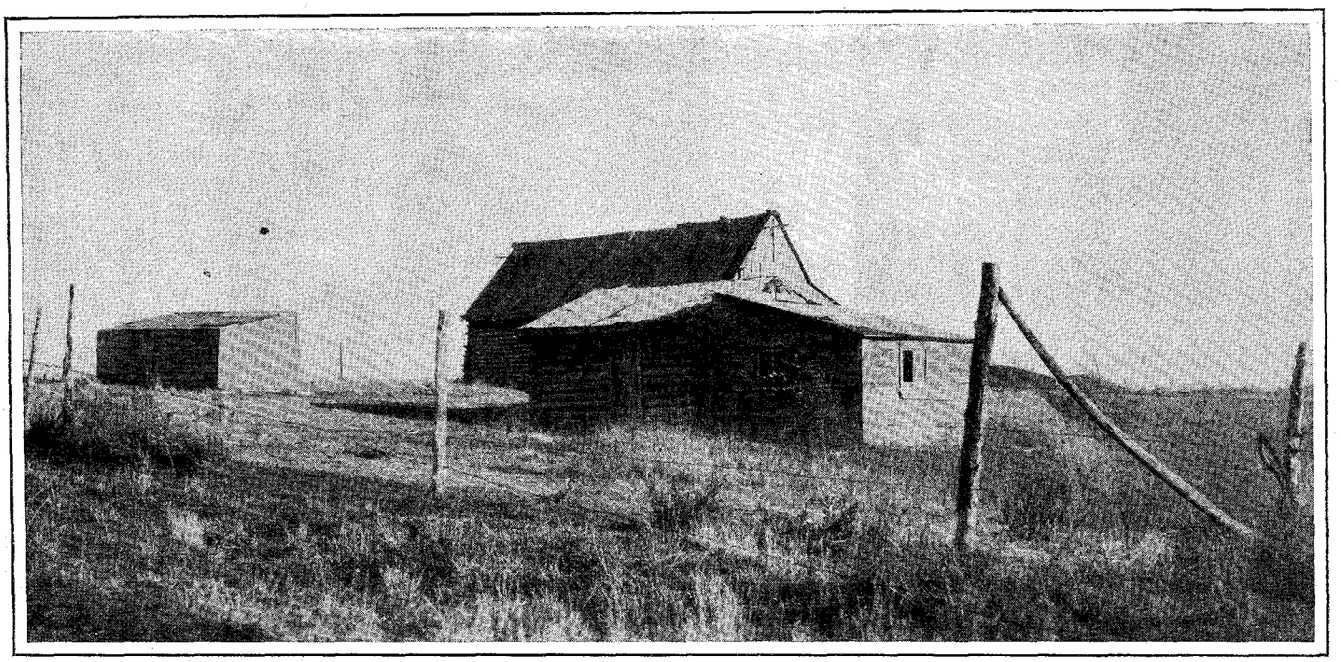
Yellowstone Park and the Nation[1]



A farm in Madison County, Idaho, abandoned because of water shortage

I. Wanted—A Reservoir

By the Honorable ADDISON T. SMITH

I AM pleased to have the opportunity so generously extended by you to reply to the editorial comment you have made in recent issues in opposition to the legislation pending in Congress to exclude from the southwestern corner of the Yellowstone National Park 12,000 acres of low lands, 5,000 acres of which would be used by the farmers in eastern Idaho as a reservoir site for the storage of flood waters, to furnish a supplemental supply of water in drouth years for irrigation and domestic purposes.

I wish to say that I speak from observation, having visited this section three times.

At the outset, I wish also to state most emphatically that I am a National Park enthusiast, and am an ardent supporter in Congress and out of the National Park policy.

WE of the West appreciate what has been done by the Federal Government toward the development of the National Parks; and our people in ever-increasing numbers visit the parks to enjoy the scenic beauty of mountain, forest, lakes, and streams; but water is one of our greatest resources, and should never be allowed to be wasted if we in that desert country are to continue to progress. It is doubtless difficult for those living in a country where there is sufficient rainfall to raise crops and for domestic purposes to realize that the rainfall in the arid regions, especially in southern Idaho, is from 9 to 15 inches annually, while in the humid sections the rainfall is from 50 to 60 inches, on the average.

Because of the lack of rain and snow in the mountains, on an average of every third year, there are about 200,000 acres of farm land in Madison, Fremont, and Jefferson Counties in eastern Idaho without water for irrigation purposes after the first of August, and during these drouth years the crops fail to mature, thus entailing great loss upon the farmers, as well as suffering and extreme hardships on the part of themselves and families. It is necessary for them to haul water at long distances for domestic purposes and for the stock from the time the water supply fails until the fall rains.

The loss of crops in 1919 is estimated at between seven and ten million dollars, in 1924 about three and one-half million dollars, and during the present year at least this amount. Had the flood waters been stored during these years, there would have been ample water to save the crops and the farmers would have been prosperous instead of bankrupts, as many of them are to-day. A great many of them have abandoned their farms and they have been taken over by the mortgage companies, who will also lose them if an additional water supply is not available as proposed.

There are approximately 30,000 people living on these lands and in the towns and villages located thereon, whose homes and property are depreciated because of a shortage of water in drouth years, and that section of the country is retrograding instead of advancing, as in other sections of our State, where there is an ample water supply for irrigation.

I inclose herein photographs of some of the abandoned farms, also views of the section of the Park it is proposed to exclude.

THE boundary-lines of the Yellowstone Park were hastily determined by Congress, without waiting for a survey, by latitude and longitude, and not

[1] See editorial comment on another page. —THE EDITORS.

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according to topography or natural boundary-lines, as was the case with all the other parks. Although the Park was created without regard to the natural boundaries over fifty years ago, not until the pending bill was introduced was any systematic effort ever made to change the boundary-lines. All now admit that there are many scenic sections adjoining the Park which should be included and a great deal of land not valuable for park purposes which should be excluded. Among them are the lands in the Bechler Basin, which is a flat, low section, and which has no scenic value.

The pending bill, which was framed in the Department, proposes to eliminate land on the eastern and southern section of the Park, much of which is heavily timbered, which if excluded will be exploited by the lumber companies. There is also on this land a mountain over 10,000 feet high, which should remain within the Park because of its scenic value. Why do you propose this elimination, if you wish to be consistent?

During the last session of Congress legislation was enacted changing the boundary-lines of four National Parks to conform to natural boundary-lines, such as rivers or mountain ridges; and in one instance a lake for irrigation purposes was excluded from the park.

If the exclusion of the Bechler Basin country would in any way detract from the scenic beauties of the Park, disturb any of the waterfalls or other attractions, or interfere with road construction, I would not be advocating its elimination.

Government engineers have surveyed and examined the reservoir sites outside of the Park which might be utilized, but none has been found which is sufficiently large to store the amount of water required; and if all of them were utilized the combined storage capacity would not amount to one-half the size in storage capacity of the site in the Bechler Basin.

The reservoir it is proposed to construct would only be drawn upon in drouth years, and then late in the summer, and would be an added beauty to that section instead of a detriment.

I now wish to refer briefly to some of the arguments advanced by the opponents of the plan, all of whom dismiss lightly the human suffering and property loss which would be avoided if the farmers were permitted at their own expense to save this water—one of God's bounties to his children, now going to waste.

First, it is claimed that forest trees would be lost to the Park if this section is excluded, when all who have visited the section know that the trees there are soft pine, medium in size and scattered in clumps, and not valuable for timber.

Senator Stanfield, of Oregon (standing), and Congressman Addison T. Smith shown discussing the water shortage in Madison County with an Idaho farmer

Second, that the land is valuable for park purposes, when, as a matter of fact, the Government topographic maps show that all the southwestern section is low, swampy land. That section is not accessible to visitors, and is only frequented by a few sportsmen who desire to fish in the Bechler River.

Third, it is claimed that this section would be valuable for camp purposes, when every one who has visited this section, as I have on three occasions, knows that until about the first of July the ground is so soft that it cannot be driven over, and from that time until early in August the mosquitoes are so ferocious that any one who has the courage to enter that section must protect himself with netting. The mosquitoes are peculiarly poisonous and their bite creates lumps which do not disappear for weeks afterward. After the middle of August until snow falls the camping there is no more attractive than anywhere else in the Park; and, as a matter of fact, the campers are very scarce in that section at any time. But if they wish to camp there, plenty of sites will be found above the water-line of the reservoir.

Fourth, it is claimed that this section is the feeding-ground of game, especially moose, elk, or other browsing animals. There are few, if any, moose in that section, and in addition the moose and other browsing animals do not feed on swamp grass, which grows in this locality; and, as the snow falls early to great depth, this region is not frequented by the game during the winter.

Fifth, it is also contended that there are reservoir sites outside the Park, but an examination by Government engineers proves that this is not true, as before stated.

Sixth, it is claimed that the exclusion of the Bechler Basin would establish a precedent, while the pending bill provides for the exclusion of land on the eastern and southern boundaries, and each of the four laws enacted at the last Congress provides for elimination of land theretofore within the boundary-lines of parks.

Some of the articles which have appeared in magazines and newspapers in opposition to the plan to exclude the Bechler Basin from the Park contain photographs of beautiful waterfalls which are high up on the streams, leaving the impression that these falls would be inundated, with a view of prejudicing public opinion and the Senators and Representatives in Congress against the proposition. In fact, there has been a lack of fairness and frankness on the part of some of those who are opposing the legislation, which calls for severest criticism. Many misstatements have

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appeared in the public print, which have been intended to mislead those who have a responsibility in determining what action should be taken.

The members of the Senate and House Public Lands Committees who visited the lands needing additional water, the Bechler Basin in the Park, and heard the pathetic plea of the farmers in a public meeting in August of last year, are in a position to vote intelligently on the legislation, and their report is awaited with interest.

We appreciate the solicitude of our Eastern friends regarding the development of our National Park System, but contend that the interests of those who are endeavoring to build homes and communities on the desert should be permitted to have water for domestic and irrigation purposes, which they wish to store at their own expense in the only reservoir site of sufficient size in that section, which will be available under existing law if this section is transferred from the Park Service to the National Forest Service.

II. A Meadow that Belongs to the People

By Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE

YELLOWSTONE is the largest of our National Parks. It was established by Congressional action on February 27, 1872. On March 1 of that year President Grant signed the bill which was significantly called "The Act of Dedication."

To whom and for what purpose was this domain of natural wonder and beauty solemnly dedicated?

The "act" leaves no room for question or dispute. After describing and bounding the territory, it declares that this portion of the National estate *"is hereby reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."*

A magnificent idea, uttered in language of noble simplicity and clearness!

WE, the people of the United States, are not only endowed, like other men, with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We have also a heritage of beauty in the wide land which God has given us for a habitation. Heirlooms of natural loveliness and splendor are ours in forest and prairie, mountain and glen, wild watercourse and shining lake. We have a clear title to the benefit of enjoyment in this inheritance. These pleasuring-grounds belong to us and to our children and to our children's children by a sacred entail. Our Government is pledged to protect them. Their common possession is a symbol of our National unity. The free and joyful use of them, in their unspoiled beauty, and still inhabited by the birds and beasts and fishes that find refuge there, helps greatly to keep the people in mental sanity and bodily health. Joy is a part of the whole duty of man. And of all joys there is none purer than that of living happily among the wondrous works of the God of the Open Air.

This, I believe, is the fine philosophy of life expressed in the development of our superb system of National Parks. But against it the forces of material greed and financial avarice and political cunning have worked from the beginning. Year after year land speculators and power promoters come up to the assault upon our park lands, proposing to dam a river here, to destroy a forest or a prairie there, to grab for their own use this or that parcel of the whole people's pleasuring-ground in order to enrich themselves by selling water or electricity to a small portion of the people. These furtive marauders profess a zeal for the public good. But it would hardly move them if it were not for the hope of private gain.

YELLOWSTONE has always been a favorite object of their attack. From the north, from the west, from the south, the specious proposals have come to despoil the Park of some natural beauty for the sake of an imagined commercial profit. Thus far, owing to the watchfulness and devotion of Stephen Mather, the National Director, and Horace Albright, the Superintendent, and other men of like mind, the attempts have been foiled. But this year a new and particularly dangerous raid on the people's property is on foot.

It is proposed (and the bill is now in the Congressional Committee on Public Lands) to bite off the southwest corner of the Park and turn the beautiful Bechler Meadows into a vast reservoir for "irrigation and domestic purposes" in Idaho. I do not know what these domestic purposes may be. But as a plain American (of the eighth generation) and a lover of the out-of-doors, as one of the hundred and fifteen million shareholders in the pleasuring-ground of Yellowstone Park, I protest against the ruination of the Bechler Meadows. This protest shall be made as clearly as my reason dictates, as solemnly as my conscience urges, and as vigorously as my pen can write.

I KNOW what I am talking about. In the summer of 1923 I had the good luck to make a pack-trip with Struthers and Katherine Burt, my son, and my daughter Elaine into the glorious wilderness of the Bechler and Falls River Basin. We rode single file along broken trails, through dark forests, around the border of Shoshone Lake, across the Pitchstone Plateau, camping and fishing by the way. Then we plunged into the marvelous Bechler Canyon, narrow, precipitous, full of pointed spruce trees and shaggy firs, curtained and carpeted with spreading ferns and deep mosses, adorned with shimmering cascades and glittering waterfalls. Down this avenue of beauty we passed from cliff to cliff, from cataract to cataract, until the rough trail led us into a green wilderness of beaver dams and willow thickets. From these we emerged upon the border of the famous Bechler Meadows.

A wide expanse of tall grass and wild flowers opened before us—acres beyond acres of tranquil verdure and bloom—broken only by dark capes and islands of pine trees. It was unlike anything that we had seen before in our journey.

The glory of Yellowstone lies not alone in its *natural miracles,* like geysers, and obsidian cliffs, and rainbow-tinted terraces, and mysterious canyons colored like a solar spectrum. Yellowstone is rich also in *every-day beauty*—the common and familiar handiwork of nature in plain and hillside, woodland and wild pasture, raised seven thousand feet above the level of the sea and bathed in the bounty of the sun.

HERE is a meadow fit for giants to play in, a pasture where the untamed cattle of a thousand hills might

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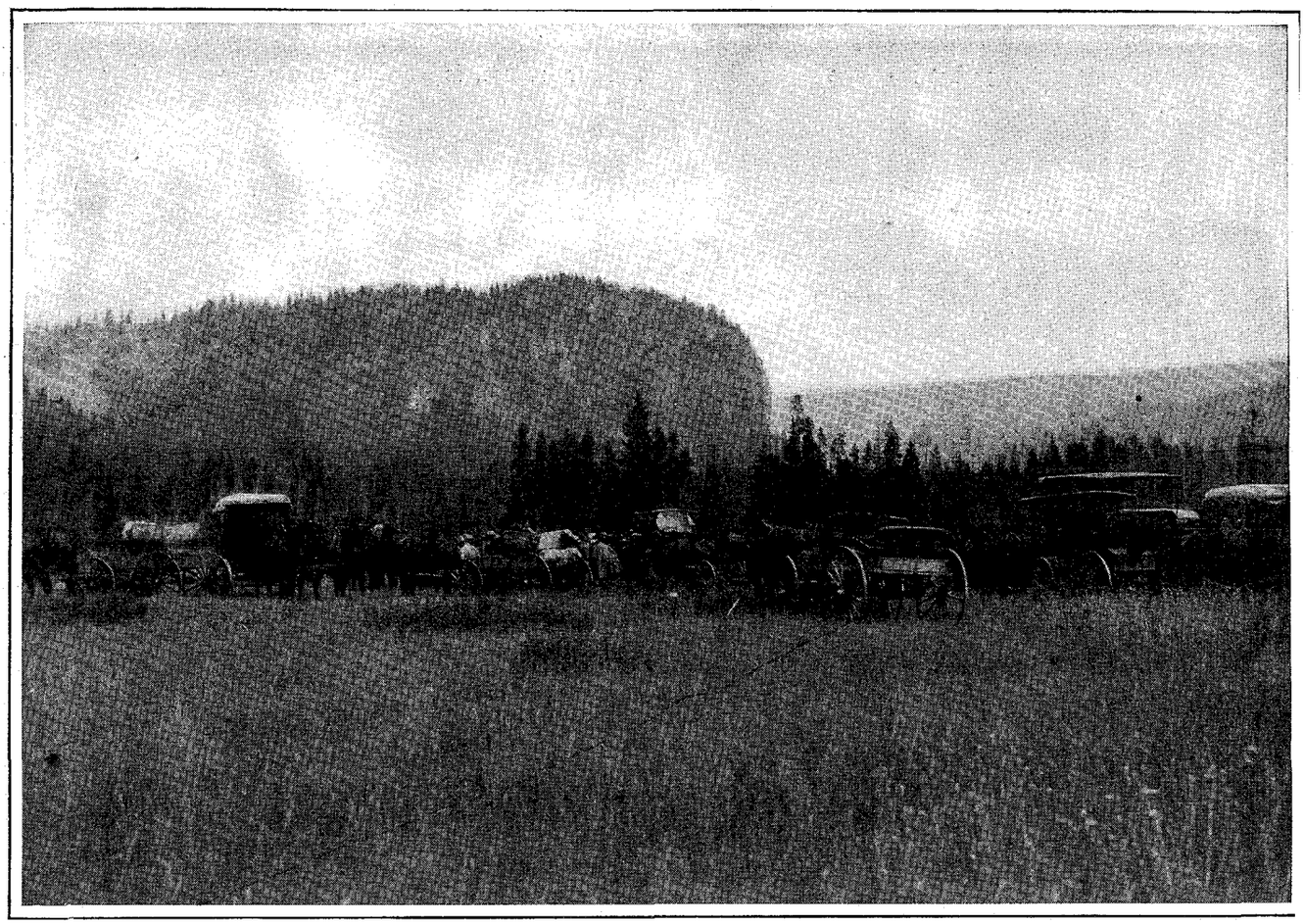

This picture was taken during the visit of the Senate Committee on Public Parks to the Bechler Meadows, in the southwestern corner of Yellowstone National Park. Those who wanted the park for private purposes saw nothing here but a mosquito-infested swamp. Friends of the Yellowstone, however, saw it with the eyes of Henry van Dyke

feed. The tall rich grasses are interwoven with flowers red and blue and golden—dark monkshood, yellow helianthus, scarlet painted-cup, sapphire gentian, and aureate jewel-weed. Through this tangle of beauty flows the Bechler River; tranquil now after its tumult in the canyon; coiling and meandering with a swift, smooth current of translucent jade over beds of sand and fine gravel.

What a stream for fly-fishing! Clean banks, fine pools, merry ripples. There are big red-throat trout in it, too, in spite of the gangs from Idaho who drive over in their "tin Lizzies," with spoons and spinners and worm-cans (and perhaps nets), and carry home car-loads of fish. The river is not yet "skinned out," as we proved after sundown, when the large ones began to come to our flies. Unless I am mistaken, the Bechler would be a magnificent stream for the introduction of grayling, a fine and dainty game fish, a splendid fighter, a delicate feeder, and a dish to set before a king—especially with Hollandaise sauce.

Our camp is in a little pine grove on the edge of the stream. It is true that the trees are of no value for lumber; but they have great worth for beauty and companionship.

It is true that some mosquitoes are camped in the same place; but they are not miraculously large nor abnormally poisonous, as the Idahonians boastfully claim. They are just ordinary mosquitoes, such as you may find in any summer resort on Long Island or the Jersey coast (except of course, the particular resort where you have your own cottage). Most good fishing places have some mosquitoes to keep the anglers from imagining that they are gods.

It is true that the meadows are flat. But this is a common feature of meadows. When you understand it, you rather like it; it is comforting and tranquilizing. It helps you to appreciate the mountain peaks and lofty ridges which stand far off and round about, like gigantic guardians watching over the sleep of a child crowned with flowers.

Above us the great stars wheel in their slow parade, dripping with that liquid light which they shed only upon vast level spaces, where the silence is not broken but deepened by the low murmur of a tranquil stream.

As I remember the encampment in Bechler Meadows, the attempt to purloin them from the Park looms sinister and menacing. Their value as beauty is far above their price as a tank. Once spoiled, they can never be restored. The river that abundantly waters them flows through them; and there are plenty of places lower down where it can be dammed for "irrigation and domestic purposes." Go down there, you land speculators and power promoters, with your dam and your domestic purposes and your stock company and all your money-making paraphernalia. It might cost you a little more to start your works, but it would keep your soul cleaner to carry them on.

I know not how many acres there are in the Bechler Meadows. But if there were *only one acre,* it would be too much to take away from the people of these United States, who own it as part of their pleasuring-ground, and give to a few persons in Idaho or any other State. Let the people of the forty-seven other States wake up and maintain their common heritage. The principle involved is vital and Nation-wide. We call on Congress, and the Department of the Interior, and the President of the United States, to protect us against any and every spoliation of our inheritance of beauty and joy in our National Parks.

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A Most Amazing Story of Corruption

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

"WE will unfold here through the testimony of our witnesses a most amazing story of corruption," said United States Attorney Walter G. Winne in his opening address to the jury on behalf of the Government in the recent case of the United States vs. Charles Guttleman and others, tried in the United States District Court at Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. Winne thereupon proceeded to do just that.

Inasmuch as, for some unknown reason, little or no publicity was given to this sensational case by the daily press, I have obtained and examined carefully the 1,102 pages of court testimony, and will set down herewith a summary of the Government's case.

A succession of witnesses testified to the effect that enormous quantities of liquor were smuggled into the United States near Atlantic City by United States Coast Guard officers and enlisted men; that the Government Coast Guard cutters were used for this purpose; and that large sums of money were paid the Coast Guard men by the bootleggers for performing this service.

Not only were the United States vessels used as rum-runners, but the United States paid the salaries of those who manned the boats and also paid for the fuel which propelled the boats back and forth with their illicit cargoes.

These Coast Guard men—or rather boys—received salaries of from $50 to $125 a month from the Government, and, according to the testimony in this case, they were given lump sums of $2,000 and $3,000 by the bootleggers for a single night's work. When we realize that several of the Coast Guards involved were only sixteen years of age, we can better understand the temptation to which they succumbed.

Smaller sums of money were paid to Coast Guard men to take their cutters a long distance away, so that free access to the shore could be had from Rum Row at low tide.

One witness, Boatswain's Mate James J. Maloney, testified that he was promised three dollars for every case of liquor that he allowed to land. Another Coast Guard, Oscar O. Pearson, testified that his rate for running in liquor was seven dollars a case, and that a German mark was given him by the bootlegger to serve as a card of introduction to the captain of the Rum Row boat. Machinist's Mate Philip E. Dwinnell also confessed the reception of bribes and gave his rate with bootleggers as being five dollars a case.

EVEN Judge William Clark, who presided at the trial, showed visible astonishment when several witnesses testified that the usual custom was for a bootlegger to board the Coast Guard cutters when nearing shore, and, with full permission of the crew, take the wheel and guide the boats to safe moorings where the liquor could be unloaded.

A prohibition agent, whose duty it was to enforce the Prohibition Law, was, according to the Government's contention, working along with the bootleggers and was "standing alongside of them when they made their arrangement."

The court testimony also brought a member of the New Jersey State police into the conspiracy. His assistance to the bootleggers, according to the Government's witness, was "to protect the bootleggers from being hijacked"—that is, he was stationed on shore to protect the liquor from being stolen from the favored bootleggers by any of the liquor pirates who are called "hijackers."

United States Attorney Winne then brought the Atlantic City Police Department into the plot. The police were said to have furnished such protection as the bootleggers needed within the city limits and the assurance "if these young men ever got in trouble, that they would take care of them; if they ever went away, they would take care of their wives and families; and if they got fired from the Coast Guard, they would make them members of the Atlantic City Police Department."

IT was also brought out in the testimony that the United States Coast Guard men were employed by one gang of bootleggers to prevent competition from any other rum-runners not in the favored syndicate. Although the members of the Coast Guard received salaries from the United States Government for keeping a watchful eye on Rum Row ships to see that none of the liquor was run ashore by smaller boats, they received double payment from one particular syndicate of Atlantic City bootleggers to key them up to extra vigilance in seeing that the Rum Row ships belonging to competitors could not dodge the blockade.

Chief Boatswain's Mate (then and now) James J. Maloney testified: "A schooner was anchored outside of Atlantic City. Her name was the Jean Louise, and that money was paid to myself and Pearson [another Coast Guard] to picket this boat during our period of patrol duty, so that she would not unload any small boats in Atlantic City."

Mr. Winne introduced as evidence a copy of a communication which was given a Coast Guard man for delivery to one of the captains of Rum Row. This communication contained a list of the Coast Guard captains in the Atlantic City stations. After some of the names were the letters O. K., and after others the letters N. G. In other words, the N. G. were O. K. and *vice versa.*

When Judge Clark charged the jury, he rightly called it "a sordid story, . . . an undermining of the foundation of the Government, . . . and not a pleasant one for a student of human nature."

Unfortunately, this amazing story of Coast Guard corruption does not stand alone. Several other cases involving the bribery of Coast Guard men and the illegal use of Government vessels came to trial during the year 1926.

I THINK we can all agree with the final words of United States Attorney Winne in his closing address to the jury: "Gentlemen, I am not concerned about your opinion or my opinion of any particular law. I am concerned about this business of having the policeman on your beat that is paid to guard your house in cahoots with the man that is going to break and enter your house. I am concerned with this condition where the man who has got the badge on his breast, and is sworn to uphold the laws of the United States of America, takes money from the criminal to protect the criminal and to injure society in general. I am concerned with this wholesale bribery that has been testified to in this case, and I do not believe you, by your verdict, will put your seal of approval on it."

The Coast Guard men involved in this particular scandal were court-martialed, but the majority of them have now resumed active duty in the Coast Guard service.

Three of the alleged bootleggers in the conspiracy plead guilty. Four others were found guilty on December 3, 1926, of conspiracy to violate the National Pro-

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hibition Act. The jury disagreed on the guilt of two of the defendants and acquitted several others on the ground of insufficient evidence. The four guilty conspirators—a garage-owner, a café proprietor, a real estate man, and a roofer—were sentenced to terms of from one to two years. As this issue is going to press, I am informed that Judge Clark has just reduced each sentence by four months because of an agreement between counsel that no appeals would be entered. Those who plead guilty were given sentences of nine months.

In a letter dated December 13, 1926, to United States Attorney Walter Winne, A. Bruce Bielaski (chief of the prohibition enforcement under-cover agents) writes in part: "The sentences which have been imposed and the pleas of guilty have made a profound impression, I think, upon the principal law violators in your district, and I believe will be productive of very great good. Already, as you know, new leads have been opened up, and I am confident that there will soon be presented to you evidence on which you can successfully prosecute men perhaps higher up in the conspiracy than those convicted, as well as numbers of new defendants of importance."

To Americans, who have cherished their pride in the Coast Guard, this story is humiliating. Should it not be humiliating to every inhabitant of New Jersey who has had any pride in his State? Or have the people of New Jersey become so calloused by this form of lawbreaking that they have ceased to care whether their State is the stamping-ground of smugglers and their lawless allies?

Student Crusaders

By Walter W. Van Kirk

On the last day of the old year there was heard from the platform and on the floor of the National Student Conference that met in Milwaukee during the Christmas holidays, under the auspices of the Council of Christian Associations, a vast amount of criticism of the social order that had been created for these students by their elder comrades. Much of this barking at the present order was only what might be expected from a group of young people whose idealism had so far outdistanced their intelligence as to make the futility of their criticisms a foregone conclusion; but much of this criticism of the existing order, with its slums, its industrial and international sore spots, its profiteering, its materialistic reach, its thirst for power, its lust for gold, battleships, and marching armies, its appetite for exploitation, its selfishness, its worship of things as they are, was well merited.

The following day, the first of the new year, these same students covenanted among themselves to fashion a society fit for men, women, and children to live in. The work of several generations was laid out in the findings of the Conference—the silencing of guns; the humbling of the world's pride; the lifting up of the masses; the unifying of the churches, of the nations, of the races; the subordination of things and the exaltation of personality; and, finally, international friendship. These are ideals that cannot be woven into the fabric of civilization overnight. The National Student Conference was, however, not to be deterred by the far-off consummation of them.

What these young people said, interpreted as an isolated and disconnected utterance, and entirely out of context with the thinking processes of youth the world over, may indeed have had the appearance of being hopelessly radical. I talked with many of the business and professional men who sat on the "sidelines" of the Conference, and many of them were frankly concerned about what they felt to be the mistaken idealism and the foolish, legendary aspirations of these inexperienced and misguided youth. They deplored the radicalism of these self-appointed Arthurian knights. But there is no cause for alarm. These young people are not "Red." Their pockets are not being lined with Communistic shekels. They are determined, however, in so far as it is humanly possible within the brief compass of a single life, to push the race forward and upward.

To be concrete, these young people are internationally minded to a remarkable degree. That does not mean, necessarily, that they love America less. It means that they love humanity more. They believe that fidelity to one's country receives its finest expression in a co-operative service, political and otherwise, to all mankind. That is why these young people are on speaking terms with the World Court and the League of Nations.

High above the speaker's platform of the Conference auditorium there had been suspended against a velvet-curtained background two huge hemispheres. Written on one were the words "UT OMNES," and on the other "UNUM SINT." Then still higher, but on a line between these hemispheres, there hung in quiet splendor the Stars and Stripes. There you have the basic social and political philosophy of these undergraduates. They do not believe in isolation. They do not believe that America can permanently detour around Geneva. If they oppose war, and they do, it is because they see in this practice the negation of the principle of unity. If they protest against the lynching of Negroes, or against racial discrimination in whatever form it may take, it is because they believe racial equality to be essential to the attainment of world brotherhood.

Compulsory military training in our schools and colleges, the landing of Marines in Nicaragua, the "bullying" of Mexico, the parceling out of China and Africa among the strong Powers, and the threatened renewal of competition in naval armaments were opposed by the Conference, because these gestures, separately and together, jeopardize the achievement of the world ideal to which these young people are committed.

Then, again, the youth at Milwaukee let it be known that the chasm that has lately widened between the college administration and the student body can only be bridged by the granting of a larger measure of responsibility and autonomy to student groups. These young people want a voice in the handling of campus problems. They protest against what they deem to be the unwarranted interference of college authorities in matters of social conduct. One student told of being severely disciplined by a college president because he insisted on walking across the campus each day with his Negro classmates. Another student said that she had been threatened with expulsion because she insisted on living on a basis of social equality with a Japanese girl comrade of hers. When one of the platform speakers, himself a Negro, was asked what a student should do under such circumstances, he replied: "Try to change the administration's point of view; but if you can't do that, then experiment with another school—for the one you are in is giving you a very poor education indeed."

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Some students wanted an opportunity to co-operate with the faculty and university authorities in the making of chapel programs, while others protested against the outworn social inhibitions that were still imposed upon them by their Victorian superiors. Many lamented the absence on their campuses of student government, while others objected to the giving of Phi Beta Kappa keys for doing no more than reproducing with painful exactness the mind of the professor. It was felt that scholarship awards should be given for intellectual initiative and originality; not for mental conformity. What college administrators are disposed to do about these matters is more than I am able to predict. I am only trying to pass on to others what I discovered in the thinking of these Milwaukee dissenters.

And, finally, there was a voice raised at Milwaukee that church leaders would do well to hearken to. I refer to the oft-repeated declaration that only in church co-operation and in Christian unity can the problems of the world be met and solved. I have been attending student conferences now for the past several years, and I go away from every such gathering with a more firmly embedded conviction that these young people have parted company with the sectarianism that to-day so hopelessly divides the Church.

How can the Church rid the world of war? How can the Church democratize industry? How can the Church right race relations? How can the Church create that international mindedness without which the swords of the world can never be sheathed? There is no stumbling for words in the answer that these young people give to such inquiries.

The answer invariably is this: Let the churches bury their denominational rivalries in one great, supreme act of loyalty to their common Christ, and in the strength of union go forth to conquer the world for peace and righteousness. Unless the leaders of the Church make an effort seriously and constructively to face this student protest against sectarianism, they will have no one but themselves to blame if in the future these young people are found hostilely arrayed against them.

These students simply do not live in the denominational world of their fathers. They have no interest whatever in Modernism, nor in Fundamentalism, as such. They will not devote their lives to a continuance of any form of institutionalized sectarianism.

These Milwaukee crusaders have much to learn. They are long on idealism and short on experience. They are but dimly conscious of the mass strength of the vested interests against which they have thrown themselves with such eager abandon. But they are out to win, and the world will some day be their debtor because they have dared to dream.

Canton, China, and the Powers

By JOHN McC. ROOTS

JUST what and where is the Government of China? The final adjustment of this delicate detail, which for several years now has kept the Peking diplomats in a mild quandary, is precisely what the Canton Nationalist Government had in mind when it started the recent campaign against General Wu Pei-fu and the three sister cities of Wuchang, Hanyang, and Hankow. The dramatic and complete success of the southern forces in Central China last October, and their present control over more than half the country, make it altogether fit and proper to inquire briefly into the political philosophy of these people who denounce the Peking Government as a mockery and foreign treaty rights as an anachronism.

For eight years now the Cantonese have claimed to be the only legitimate rulers in China. The final break came in 1918, when the southern representatives at Peking withdrew in protest against the restoration of the boy Emperor and the seizure of power by northern militarists; and actually the country has been split in two since that date. But no one at the time took Canton seriously; so for all diplomatic and historical purposes China continued to be a modern republic whose capital was Peking. The upstart "Nationalist" Government remained a good joke.

Last summer I was in Canton, and saw Eugene Chen, Minister for Foreign Affairs, a man who was born a British subject and who knows English better than he does Chinese. We came to the subject of Canton's claim to power as the only legitimate heir of the old Parliament and the 1913 Constitution—a claim which had a certain amount of validity. He brushed it aside. "That idea," he asserted, quietly, "is no longer necessary to prove our right to the leadership of China. We are political realists. We submit that we have proved ours to be the best Government in the country, and that this alone justifies the title 'Nationalist.'"

OF course, ultimate recognition by foreign nations is necessary if the new Government (dating only from July, 1925) is to realize its ambition of representing China before the world. This, needless to say, has not been granted. But there are signs that it may not be long in coming.

It is already past argument that Peking does not represent the country.

And Canton might be regarded somewhat as Peking's twin star, which brightens as the other wanes. Foreign Powers have already had occasion to deal separately with the local authorities in Mukden, where Chang Tso-lin holds sway, and in Greater Shanghai, ruled by Sun Chuang-fang. Last summer the British at Hongkong, ignoring Peking, negotiated directly with the Nationalist Government for a settlement of the strike and boycott. And the climax came early last month, when the new British Minister to China conferred with "Nationalist" officials at Hankow before proceeding to his legation in Peking.

The implication contained in these instances is clear—namely, that foreign diplomats are groping towards some method of dealing with China on a basis of reality. From conversations I had in August with various members of the diplomatic body at Peking, it appeared that the American and British representatives were considering the idea of formally abandoning the absurd fiction of a Chinese Central Government, and of recognizing, what is the undoubted fact, that China is at present simply a collection of regional loyalties whose temper and territory are subject to change without notice. This would involve the negotiation of current issues with the *de facto* authorities in any particular locality, instead of addressing hollow protests to a phantom Government which no longer even pretends to control the nation.

Such a step would enormously enhance the prestige of the Canton Nationalists, for it would mean recognition of theirs as the Government of China in

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proportion as they were able to extend their authority throughout the country.

FRANKLY, though, the foreign Powers do not like the Nationalist Government, and would not be pleased to recognize it as the supreme authority in Chinese affairs. Apart from a comparatively small group who distrust the Cantonese because they sincerely believe that the program of the People's Party (Kuomintang) is against the fundamental nature and interests of the Chinese people—apart from the opinions of this group of China's friends, the foreign community's indictment of Canton is twofold: (1) They are "Reds;" (2) They do not recognize as binding the treaties made half a century ago between China and the principal foreign nations, which guarantee to citizens of the latter residing in China exemption from Chinese law, special areas ("concessions") under their own supervision, a foreign-controlled Customs Administration largely for the benefit of foreign traders, "toleration clauses" extending special privileges to foreign missionaries and their Chinese converts.

Now the word "Red" has become a shibboleth in the Far East. Among the foreign communities of Hongkong, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, and Peking it has achieved much the same currency as has the word "capitalist" in Moscow. The foreign press is full of references to "Red agitators," "Red intrigues," "Red influence," "Red armies"—and there has recently appeared a volume denouncing the opinion of Modernist Christians in China as "The Red Theology of the Far East."

To these small and isolated groups "Red" is a word of sinister omen, standing vaguely for the duplication in China of what is supposed to have happened in Russia—class war and revolution, abolition of private property, destruction of the home, abolition of capitalism. Since the Canton Nationalists receive advice and a certain amount of material aid from Soviet Russia, they are *ipso facto* "Reds." And being in addition the leaders of that great Nationalist movement, which certain foreigners are either unable or unwilling to understand, they are instinctively feared and opposed.

The question as to precisely what extent Canton is "Red" or "White" does not concern us here; although, to maintain the colored figure, it might be stated parenthetically and in no slurring sense that the Chinese will neither turn red nor grow white—that they will remain yellow. It is sufficient to remark that the modern Anglo-Saxon prejudice against everything Russian has, in certain circles in the Far East, been transferred to everything Cantonese.

THEN there are the "unequal" treaties. For several years now we have heard people hint darkly that if the foreign nations didn't do something about it the Chinese would rise in their wrath and cancel them outright. So it was not surprising to learn that one of the first acts of the Canton Government in the summer of 1925 was to go on record as favoring cancellation of these treaties.

Such action was regarded by many foreigners in China as revolutionary and anarchistic. They were surer than ever that the Cantonese were Reds.

The position of the Nationalist Government on the subject of the treaties was clearly stated in connection with the tour of the Commission on Extra-territoriality (Extrality), whose report has just been presented to our Government by Silas H. Strawn, American representative. This Commission, provided for by the Washington Conference of 1921 and tardily called into being after China's patriotic outburst of 1925, was investigating prisons and legal codes in a few select cities, and expressed a desire to visit Canton. They got the following answer:

> The Canton Government is irrevocably opposed to the unequal treaties and seeks for their immediate and unconditional abrogation. The Canton Government premises this demand, not upon the improvement of conditions in China, but as the right of an equal among nations. The Government therefore cannot permit any international commission to investigate the conduct of its affairs.

It is obvious from this statement that the Cantonese position *re* the unequal treaties is one of non-recognition. The work of the Extrality and Tariff Commissions, which are seeking to re-establish Chinese autonomy in these realms by a policy of "gradualness," is opposed, because to welcome it would be to admit that the treaties were still binding. But it is a passive rather than a militant attitude. The treaties are not to be denounced. They are simply to be disregarded, forgotten. Officially the Nationalist Government is no longer aware of their existence.

THIS is the theory—non-recognition. In practice, of course, certain concessions are necessary in order to avoid an open rupture with the Powers concerned. Thus, customs duties at Canton continue to be collected by the foreign-controlled Chinese Maritime Customs, and the proceeds sent to Peking. The presence of this alien agency in the heart of a self-governing province is gall and wormwood to the Cantonese, not only because they hate the treaty which legalizes such action, but because they consider it an outrage that the taxes on their trade should be sent north to swell the coffers of whatever militarist happens to control Peking.

Sun Yat-sen in 1923 attempted to take over the Canton Customs for the benefit of his Government. Immediately an international fleet of war-ships appeared before the city, and Dr. Sun abandoned his idea. It was at this time that he finally turned to Russia for aid. And from then on it has been natural for the Cantonese to assume that foreign support stood behind the reactionary northern militarists who devastated their country with civil war and blocked the road to national unity.

But, rejecting as they do the validity of the treaties, which they consider out of date and an insult to the nation, the Cantonese quite frankly seek every opportunity of evading or neglecting them. It is a form of non-co-operation. They do not want to fight about it, for they know China has not the strength to force abrogation, but they infringe treaty provisions as much as they feel they can safely do and still keep out of war. Their object is to prove to foreigners in South China that their treaty rights are a liability rather than an asset. So mission property and business establishments belonging to citizens of treaty Powers (*i. e.*, those nations having special-privilege treaties with China) are liable to seizure, violence, or boycott, while Germans and Russians, who have no treaty rights, are given the freedom of the province.

JUST before leaving Canton I had lunch with the editor of the Canton "Gazette"—official English organ of the Nationalist Government. The army was about to start north with the object of capturing Hankow and Wuchang, in Central China.

I asked him how they expected to get their Government and their "unequal treaty" program accepted by England and America.

"Well," he replied, "just now we can only act locally. But wait till Wuchang has fallen, and we have our headquarters on the Yangtze River. Then we will begin to talk to the Powers, and we must trust to their good sense for a hearing."

On October 10, the fifteenth anniversary of the Chinese Revolution, which broke out there in 1911, Wuchang capitulated to the southern forces. The siege

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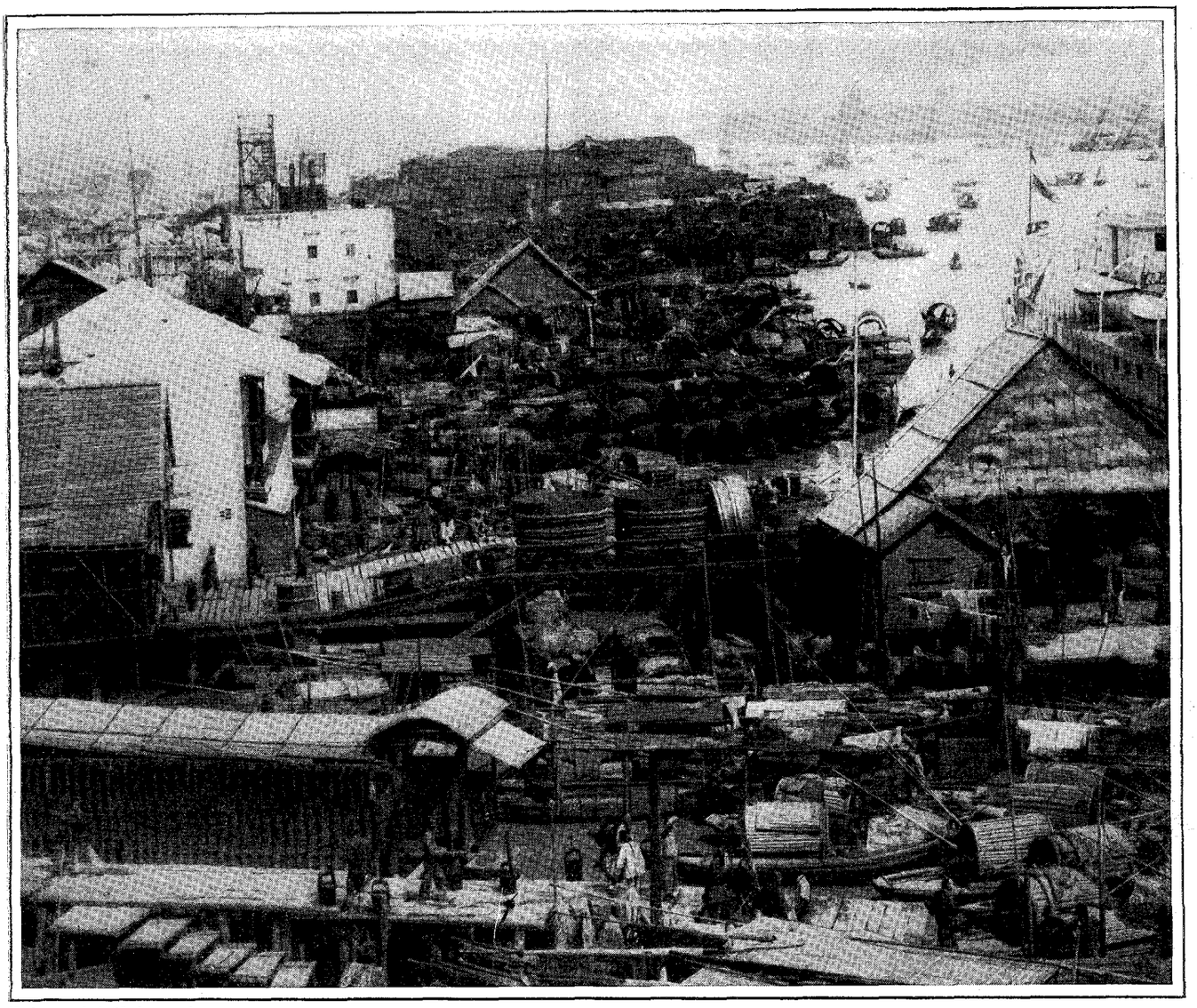

Underwood & Underwood

Typical river scene in Canton. Practically half a million of the population live and die on these boats, never spending a night on shore except to visit

had lasted forty days. And now, with Central and South China under the control of the Nationalist Government, and despite the tempering influence which its recent accession of power and responsibility is bound to exert, certain facts must be faced.

THESE facts are in no way concerned to paint China any prettier than she is. There is plenty that is wrong with China for which no foreign nation can be held responsible, and which only the Chinese themselves can remedy. Nor are they intended to imply that the present situation is a simple one. It is not. But this circumstance does not alter the force of two major conclusions which now seem inevitable.

First, any opinion on the immediate political future of the Chinese people which does not make large allowance for the position and program of the Cantonese is not worth wasting time over. The Nationalist Government, with nearly two-thirds of China proper under its influence, has won the right to be taken seriously. It seems fairly obvious that the Powers cannot long continue to pretend that Peking represents the nation. Whether or not the Nationalist Government is to be recognized as *the* Government of China is beside the point. But it must at least be *recognized*.

Second, the fact that the Cantonese have taken such an uncompromising position regarding the unequal treaties confronts America, together with the other treaty Powers, with a real question of policy.

We can use military intervention to enforce our treaty rights, which would mean not only the hatred of four hundred million Chinese, but quite possibly war with Soviet Russia. It is hard to see what contribution such a policy would make to either our trade or our prestige. We can do as we have been doing—allow things to drift and watch our treaty privileges die a natural death; in which case we should lose the rights and get no credit for it. We can declare our intention to renounce these special privileges, or portions of them, within a specified time; which would mean that we might get some credit for our pains. But if we wish to choose the last course we must act promptly, for the chance may soon be gone.

It cannot be too clearly understood that to do nothing is to appear before millions of Chinese as being opposed to the whole great Nationalist movement, which is vastly more of a revolution than was the petty change of government in 1911. Nor can it be realized too soon that until this matter of the treaties is settled—and settled on a basis involving some sacrifice to ourselves—not one in a hundred among thinking Chinese can be persuaded that America means his country well; with the result that as far as any extensive business or missionary enterprise is concerned we shall be only marking time.

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Motoring De Luxe on the Apache Trail

By HUGH GORDON

FAR and away in the receding distance was spread a panorama of awe and grandeur that the eye and the mind could scarcely grasp. With breathless and speechless wonder we gazed upon the vast expanses of saucer-like valleys rimmed all about by mountains that seemed to cleave the sky. Giant rocks sculptured through unnumbered centuries took on the forms of gigantic cathedrals, minarets and towers. We felt that if we should listen intently we might hear the sound of silvery chimes from those airy belfries so far away.

This, then, was the actual realization of those enticing dreams in which we had indulged of the Apache Trail—dreams come true in magic fullness!

We had boarded our Pullman at New Orleans after a peaceful and pleasant voyage from New York by way of a Southern Pacific steamer, and had been whisked across the plains over the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Bowie. There, the night before, while we slept, our coach had been transferred to the branch line, and we awoke in the magic mystery of desert dawn, at Globe, Arizona. The velvet blackness of the night had gone. Only one or two clear-burning stars were yet visible, and the East was overcast with the first flaming beacons of the coming day. We took our appointed places in the luxurious twelve-passenger motor touring coach to which we had been assigned, and settled back comfortably in the soft, upholstered seats, breathing deeply of the exhilarating and rarefied air that tingled in our lungs. Then began the 120-mile drive over that marvelous highway that is called The Apache Trail.

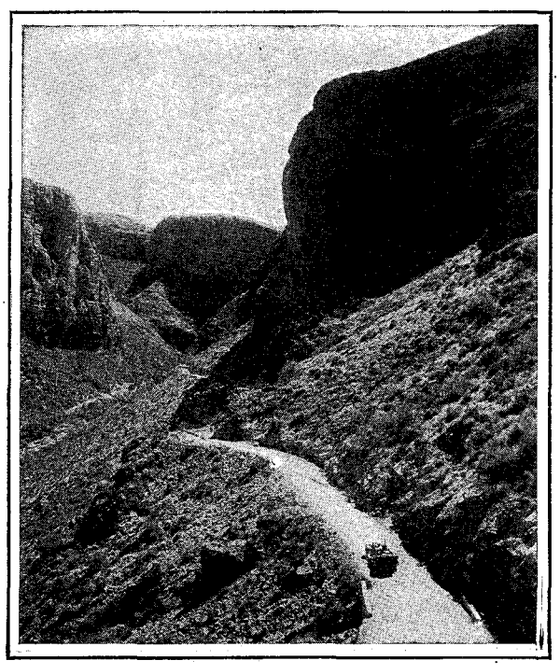
Up and ever upward we climbed, and soon Globe was far below as we mounted to the top of Cemetery Hill. We were amazed by the multi-colored rocks on every side. Their strange shapes caused excited exclamations of wonder. Many familiar creatures and objects seemed in fancy to have been caricatured in stone by some elfin sculptor. Imagination might run riot here without check or hindrance.

At last we reached the last rise, and our car paused on the summit of the Divide, 4,000 feet above the sea. The vast expanse of Gila Valley lay below on one side, while on the other was Salt River Valley. Far and far away the mountains spread, until they were lost in purple haze, and the carved peaks took on the aspect of Gargantuan church spires and medieval watch towers.

Two thousand feet below us, sparkling like a silver ribbon, lay Roosevelt Lake, toward which we were soon to descend. All the way, every foot of the road was crowded with scenes of weird wonder and dazzling beauty.

Far up on the face of a vertical cliff we could see a narrow ledge on which were perched ancient homes of the vanished Cliff Dwellers. How could they reach these fantastic tenements? How safe they must have been from their enemies! Those of us who could spare the time planned to later make closer acquaintance with these strange homes of an extinct people.

This indeed was the Land of Wonder! Every moment revealed new scenes of surpassing magnificence, every turn of the smooth, well-kept highway revealed a new panorama of delight. Then we descended to the shore of Roosevelt Lake, where at Apache Lodge we paused in our trip to see Roosevelt Dam, that marvel of modern engineering, greater than the Pyramids of Egypt. We gazed straight upward to the top of that apron of masonry 284 feet above the river bed, and measured with our eyes the 1,125 feet of its total length, and tried to imagine the tremendous power of the waters stored behind. We were told that the escaping waters supply energy for the creation of many thousand horse-power of electricity, and make arable more than 240,000 acres of rich soil. The crashing of the tremendous sheet of water as it thundered over the spillways deafened and stunned us with its roar. At Canyon Lake is another dam to restrain for irrigation the waters released at Roosevelt for power.



Through deep and eerie canyons

From the lake side we be-

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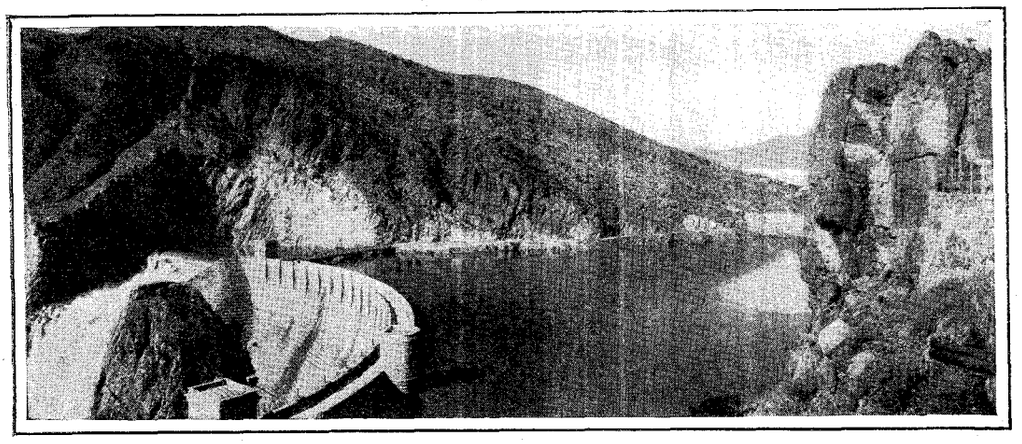


Roosevelt Dam has created a deep and rock-bound lake

gan to climb again, and soon entered Fish Creek Canyon, where the stupendous "Walls of Bronze" towered full 2,000 feet above the stream. We alighted at Fish Creek Inn, nestling in the eerie and subdued shadows of the canyon, where a delicious luncheon was served. So engrossed had we been in the magic of the spectacles we had seen that we had not thought of hunger. But the bounteous repast spread before us excited our dormant appetites, and to this we did ample and satisfying justice.

Then we peered with awe into the fearsome depths of Hell's Canyon, where almost out of sight below us the waters were tortured into white and bubbling spray as they dashed down their rocky course. So far away was this stream that we could not hear the voice of the waters. The dark, mysterious and forbidding depths of Diabolo Canyon, sinister and gruesome, seemed to draw us magnetically toward its depths. Then we saw in turn, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, and the Little Alps, and then came Whirlpool Rock where troubled waters seemed to have been turned to stone to perpetuate their whirling agony.

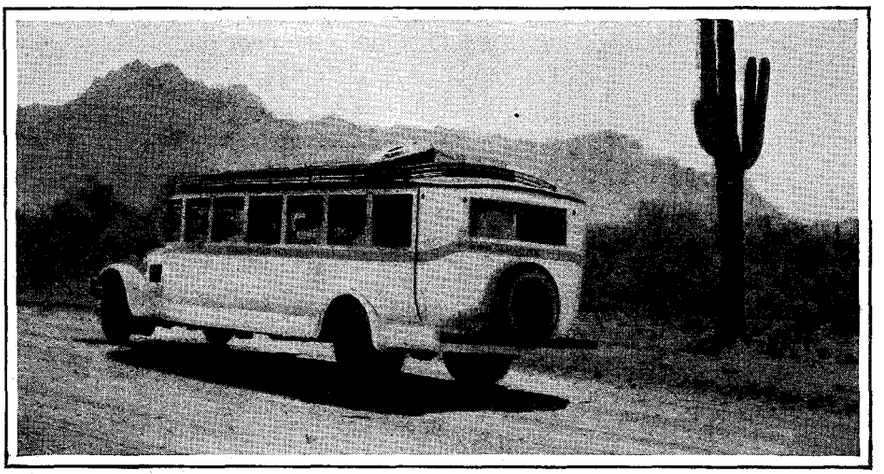
On the last high grade, we touched the crest and coasted down the long, smooth slope, around many a winding curve, to the fertile fields that surround Phœnix. All this land a few brief years ago was desert, overgrown with sage-brush and cactus, inhabited by Gila monsters and jack rabbits. But today, thanks to the life-giving waters of Roosevelt Lake, it is rich and fertile farmland.

Boarding our Pullman at Phœnix, we soon were back on the main line and were speeding on our way to San Francisco by way of the Sunset Route through Los Angeles.

The satisfying luxury of this Southern Pacific train; the amazing scenery through which we passed in the comfort of the spacious observation car; the exhilaration of the morning shower and the comfort of a shave under the deft hands of a skillful barber; the satisfaction of experienced valet service; the social delight of half-hour chats with congenial fellow-passengers in the men's club car—these appealed to the men passengers as fully as did the ladies' lounge and shower bath, the ministrations of maid and hairdresser and manicurist, to the women of the party.

If you contemplate a tour of the West or a trip to the Pacific Coast, you will do well to include the Apache Trail in your itinerary. It will pay you dividends of pleasant memories all the rest of your life.

Through Pullmans are also operated from Chicago by way of the Golden State Route over the Rock Island-Southern Pacific Lines to El Paso, Texas, where the Sunset Route is joined. Through Pullman service Eastward is operated between Los Angeles and Phœnix, and through tickets in either direction are honored for the side trip over the Apache Trail upon the payment of only $10 additional per person.



A white swift car for the trip through Wonderland

Complete information regarding the Apache Trail trip will be sent without cost, if you will ask for the booklet, "The Apache Trail," sending your request to Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; 33 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; the Pan-American Building, New Orleans; the Southern Pacific Building, Houston, Texas; the Score Building, Tucson, Arizona; the Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles; or the Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco, California.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

White Magic and Black

ON this page two or three weeks ago there was some discussion of a number of biographies, a few of which could fairly be esteemed the more important books of the winter. Last week, two or three of the books mentioned here, in particular "Revelry" and "The Whispering Gallery," were types of books which for external reasons got rather more attention than they deserve as works of literature. The books noticed here this week, widely differing in some respects, have a common quality in that they are out of the usual run.

"A Million and One Nights"[1] is concerned with a strange but not an out-of-the-way subject; with one familiar as the household cat—the moving pictures. And yet it is a queer and unusual book, and often an extremely interesting one. The two large volumes are handsomely printed and properly and lavishly illustrated. The binding is protected by a paper jacket, and as a graceful tribute to the "silver screen," the paper is chastely silver in color. This is so splendid that it has to be protected by still another jacket, giving an air of sumptuousness and splendor. In somewhat this manner, it will be remembered, when Mr. Charles Chaplin had made his fortune, in "The Gold Rush," one overcoat was not enough to cover his form; he wore two, one of fur and one of cloth, as an expression of inconceivable wealth. This air of being completely staggered by the riches which surround the moving-picture business with a glow of gold has crept into the author's work, as well as his publishers' embellishments. Mr. Ramsaye approaches his gigantic subject like the priest prostrate before the chryselephantine figure of Zeus. He knows an enormous number of facts about the history of this extraordinary business, and he has assembled them in these two volumes. He has almost every qualification as an author except the ability to compose a book. He has included some irrelevant and not always interesting matter. The facts may all be there, and the future historian can probably dig them out by help of the index. But this book has to be read in snatches, and will be enjoyed most by those whose spinal columns grow chilly when they come across stirring bits (I do not pretend to quote literally) similar to this: "At the same moment up in Milwaukee Adolph Zukor was signing a contract for $1,250,317.26."

Mr. Montague Summers, an Oxford scholar, writes his "History of Witchcraft and Demonology"[2] in a far calmer spirit than Mr. Ramsaye went to work when he started to discuss the witchcraft of the movies. Else his brain would have been shattered to bits. This is a volume in a learned series on the history of civilization, and it is a work of sober historical research. It is appropriately illustrated with curious old pictures of the Witches' Sabbath, but the text is never sensational. Those who turn to it for information about the best methods of joining the weird sisterhood, or of how to raise the devil in any sense, may be able to discover some ancient recipes, but Mr. Summers gives no guarantee that they will be effective to-day. And there is nothing at all about million-dollar contracts. Something more precious was bargained away at those ancient conferences with the father of evil, and some of the meetings were even more bizarre than the popular notion of a wild party at Hollywood.

I find little amusement in reading the conventional novel which begins with a good old gentleman murdered in his library, and ends with the suicide of a puppet (who may be called Z) who has been exposed as the murderer. As I have previously been invited to believe in turn that the guilty person is puppet A or B or C or D or X or Y, and as, in these days, the author frequently plays unfair tricks to make me suspect these uninteresting dolls, I am left indifferent as to the murderer, and entirely resigned to the old gentleman's death. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the author of "The Lodger," the best modern novel about murder which I have ever read, has written what is possibly the second best, in "What Really Happened."[3] She does not deceive nor play with her reader, but lets it be understood from an early chapter who is the real criminal. Other more interesting human problems

[1] A Million and One Nights: A History of the Motion Picture. By Terry Ramsaye. 2 vols. Simon & Schuster, New York. $10.

[2] The History of Witchcraft and Demonology. By Montague Summers. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $5.

[3] What Really Happened. By Marie Belloc Lowndes. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

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can engage his attention from that point. She has a wonderful ability in creating an element of suspense, and as a result the reader of her book feels that he is following, not a chess game, but a mystery such as gets into the newspapers once in perhaps thirty years. "What Really Happened" is, as a matter of fact, founded on the strange case of Mrs. Bravo, which excited England nearly fifty years ago. And if the curious phraseology of the jury's verdict strikes any reader as improbable, it may interest him to know that exactly the same verdict was given at the trial of another woman in England—Adelaide Bartlett.

Three weeks ago I mentioned that another editor of The Outlook had written a book. It may as well be disposed of now, so that he may cease from troubling. It has an odd title,[4] which I learn is partly a geographical name. The publishers have provided some quaint illustrations, and devised a clever jacket, in imitation of the old posters advertising a reward for a criminal. I should love to dwell upon the contents of the book, but will refrain from doing so. Most of the dozen or more murders discussed in the book happened in America: Professor Webster of Harvard, the Benders of Kansas, and the Molineux case in New York are included. The leading essay describes a murder which was treated in a most dramatic article by Celia Thaxter in 1875 and published in the highly respectable pages of the "Atlantic Monthly"! Could the Victorians have been different from our notion of them?

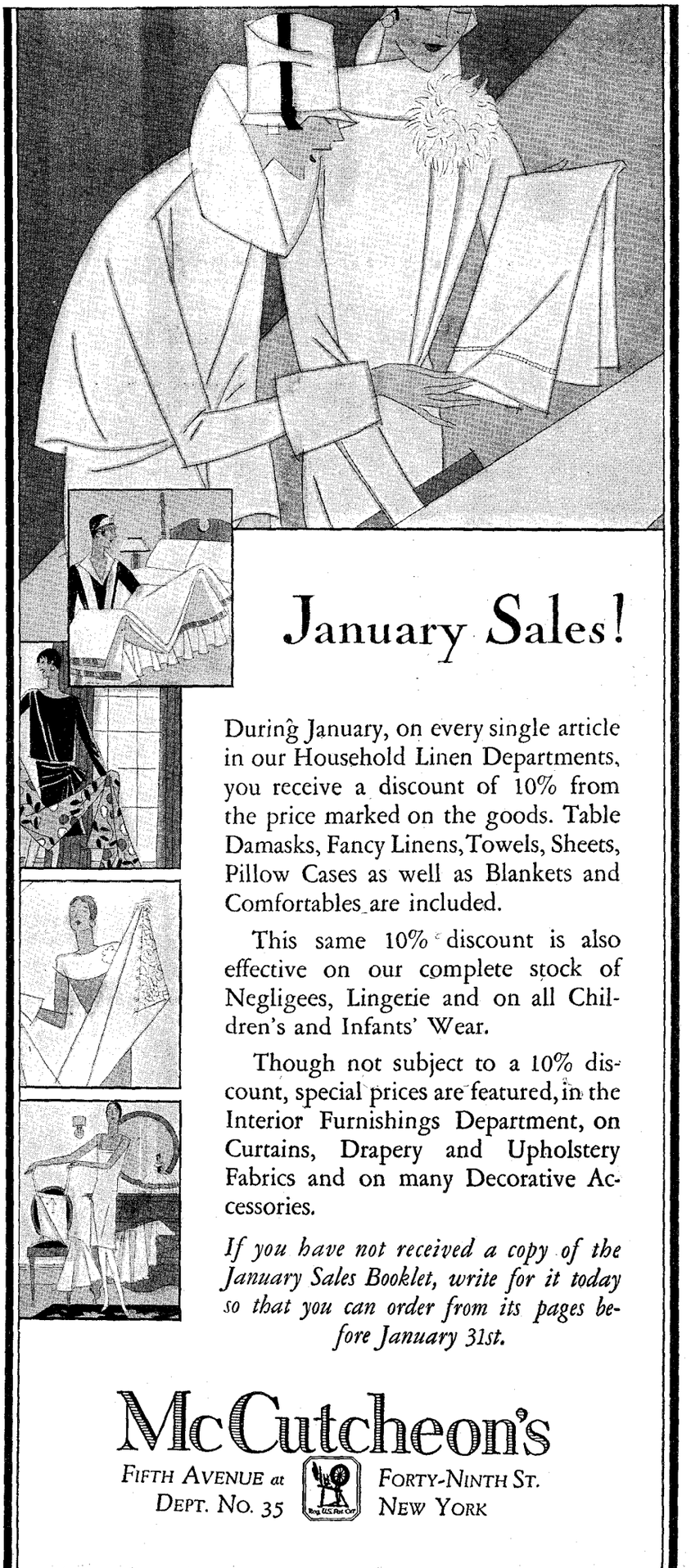
The Victorians were by no means as old-ladylike as we pretend. So says Arthur Machen, in his "Dreads and Drolls,"[5] and he should know. He has lived in the Victorian and in the Georgian eras, and he says it is we, the most regulation-ridden people that ever were, who are ignorant that the Victorian was one of the jolliest ages in history. (He refers to his own country of England, and makes no especial reference to America.)

I have had to bother a number of persons to find out the price of Mr. Machen's new book, for Mr. Knopf has apparently adopted the bothersome custom (hitherto followed only by the Putnams and by Harcourt, Brace) of omitting the price from the book or its jacket.

But the contents leave me in great

[4] Murder at Smutty Nose, and Other Murders. By Edmund Pearson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.

[5] Dreads and Drolls. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.50.



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content, because there is more magic—both black and white—connected with the name of Arthur Machen than of any writer I know. In this book he collects twenty-nine short essays in the field of the odd and curious, the grim and quaint, the criminous and the puzzling. Merely to mention such titles as "The Man with the Silver Staff," "The Strange Case of Emily Weston," "The Little People," "Morduck the Witch," "'Doubles' in Crime," "The Ingenious Mr. Blee," "Old Dr. Mounsey," and "The Euston Square Mystery" is to suggest the flavor of this excellent book—with its further virtue of being light in weight and pleasant to hold in the hand.

Some of these I have read, as they appeared in the "Graphic;" others I have still to enjoy. The purpose of this notice is not to pretend that I am wholly familiar with the book, but to give you a hint to try it for yourself. And, if you please, I will now follow my own advice.

E. P.

Fiction

POWDERED ASHES: A STORY OF MODERN JAPAN. By Theodate Geoffrey. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Theodate Geoffrey is admittedly a pseudonym. The novel is copyrighted by Dorothy G. Wayman. Why seek further? Theodate and Dorothy both signify "gift of God." Without that clue one might be pardoned for believing that this novel is another gift of John Paris to the world, for the author of "Kimono" also employs a *nom de plume*. Somehow, it seemed unlikely that two novelists with such familiarity with Japanese customs could be simultaneously extant.

Mr. Geoffrey, or Mrs. Wayman, has written a frankly melodramatic yarn of intrigue, abduction, and attempted seduction, which nevertheless seldom fails to seem plausible, because her characters seldom fail to convince. Her Americans are even painfully true to life, and we are willing to take her word for the Japanese, even the arch-villain. Her humor is attractive, and her plot structure admirable. The rescue of Paula from the castle ranks with the final storming of John Buchan's "Huntingtower," than which we have no higher praise. The explanation of the title is craftily reserved until the very last sentence.

WITH EASTERN EYES. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Poole by the title of his new novel quietly directs attention to that which distinguishes it from other fictional studies of the "eternal triangle." The "Eastern eyes" are those of an ingenuous Russian who is a sympathetic witness of the struggle going on beneath the surface between a cultured, reserved American husband and wife of early middle age, owing to the temporary fascination over the husband exercised by a selfish flirt. The Russian cannot understand why they suffer silently; he would have them talk it out, Russian fashion, night after night, if it killed them. But pride and dignity forbid; the wife in the end wins back her husband's loyalty; severity and forbearance are her natural defense rather than vulgar wrath and jealousy. Soon she appears to her husband as she is—a woman of nobility and stanchness, with an enduring love; and the shadow of the shallow, passionate temptress passes by.

The book is written with fineness and distinction; in its literary execution it is perhaps the best of the author's novels. The setting and incidents are largely centered in the husband's private astronomical observatory, in which the expatriated Russian has become an assistant; and the night scenes there have a romantic charm.

TROPIC DEATH. By Eric Walrond. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

In many forms, but usually inevitably, death comes to one or other of the colored people who swarm over the pages of this barbaric book—to Beryl, who filled her empty little stomach with marl; to Philip and Ernest, the wharf rats who ventured into shark-infested waters to dive for pennies; and, by the pistol of an American Marine in the Canal Zone, to Ballet, who had dared to defy him. Mr. Walrond writes a rich, intricate, and elliptical prose, suggesting that he was a poet before he turned to writing short stories. Less ordered and sophisticated than Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven," it is nevertheless much the more important book, if for nothing more than its occasionally introduced bits of folk-lore. "Suddenly, over the earth of gentle winds and sugar-canes, balls of crimson fire plagued the sky! Fire hags at night—St. Lucia sluts, *obeah* ridden, shedding their skins and waltzing forth at night as sheep and goats, on errands of fiery vengeance. Sometimes, in returning, at the end of the eventful night, they would find their skins salted—by the enemy—and, unable to ease back into them, the wretches would inquire, 'Skin, skin yo' no know me?' And for the balance of their thwarted lives they'd go about, half-slave, half-free, muttering: 'Skin yo' no know me, skin yo' no know me?'"

THE CHARIOT OF FIRE. By Bernard De Voto. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

This is the story of Ohio Boggs, the village drunk of Elam, Illinois, who founded a new religion the year Jackson was elected President. He cures Rose Brashear, who became paralyzed in the hysteria of a camp-meeting, and, driven from Elam by the orthodox, he and his disciples build the city of God—Lo-Ruhamah—thirty miles out in the prairie. The wars of the Elamites and the Boggsites take up the rest of the book, together with the efforts of Roger Steele to rescue Rose and her family from the domination of Ohio Boggs.

It will not take the reader long to discover in Ohio Boggs a thinly disguised portrait of Joseph Smith, Jr., and in the adventures of the Boggsites at Lo-Ruhamah striking similarity with the Mormons at Nauvoo, including even their expulsion across the Mississippi.

PAGE MR. TUTT. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Here are all of nine genial, slipshod stories of the benevolent Mr. Tutt for those who find life hard to endure without them. One reader who has heretofore known the moral old shyster only by hearsay finds his ethical values hopelessly confused when he looks back over some of these tales, and sees no particular reason why Mr. Tutt should not be classed with Raffles and Robin Hood and similar benevolent scoundrels. And yet in the end Mr. Tutt is invariably ranged on the side of the good, the true, and the beautiful! It is all very confusing. The book puts its best foot foremost in the first two stories, which are amusing and ingenious, and falls with a thud in the last two, one of which is a

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heavy-handed piece of horse-play and the other an amazing compound of the most stereotyped sentimentality. Our knowledge of legal medicine, is small, but—*can* a heart have a cortex (p. 127)?

Ethics

UNDERSTANDING OURSELVES. THE FINE ART OF HAPPINESS. By Harold Dearden. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

This is a guide to life: it tells all about habit, the instincts, emotions, reasoning, memory, insomnia, the sex instinct and its attendant troubles, and all the other mental and physical causes for gloom or for joy.

History

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A History. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

This is a "popular" history, and comes as one of the results of that new urge in American historical circles toward the writing of books that will sell. This ferment will, of course, produce a wide range of products, with much writing down to the mental level of the "movie fan." So long, however, as historical research continues and its results find their way in print, no one need be disturbed. Each group of readers will find what it wants, and a wider interest in history will be achieved. This book is, in the main, what it professes to be. It is a history, told somewhat in story form, that makes no exhausting drafts on the mental machinery of its readers. There are not many dates to remember, there are no elaborations of theses, there is no citing of authorities. Details of minor significance are, as a rule, ignored, and emphasis is given to the high lights and the big moments. There is nothing in it to give a headache to the unlettered person, and even a Gradgrind may find it interesting, for it is exceedingly well written. There is also this to be said—that it is a work of scholarship, even though not a work for scholars. In one important matter, however, it fails—as do so many histories written in the East—to give a full and rounded view of the life of the American people. The transmississippi West has not its proper share in the story. The epic days of the trappers, explorers, and settlers and of the Indian wars are virtually ignored. Evidently there were Indians in the East, but none in the West. There is no word about the deeds that won New Mexico and California. The reader will learn nothing of Kearny and Doniphan, of Frémont (in the West), of Hunt and his Astorians, of Stuart, Carson, or Bridger; of Crook, Miles, or Custer. Surely a work of 471 pages should have found room for some treatment of that important phase of American history, the conquest and peopling of the great frontier.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA. By Herbert H. Gowen, D.D., F.R.G.S., Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Washington, and Josef W. Hall, Lecturer on Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Washington. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.

Somewhat more than half of this book consists of a reduction of Dr. Gowen's earlier "Outline History of China," except for the brief concluding chapters of the earlier book dealing with the Republic. For the latter is substituted, in the new "Outline," "a thorough account of the Republican era interpreted in its historical perspective." It is interesting to contrast Dr. Gowen's contribution with that of Mr. Hall (who has written much on China under the pseudonym of "Upton Close"). Dr. Gowen is a profound Sinologist, a genuine *literatus;* Mr. Hall is a journalist pure and simple. Dr. Gowen writes with a good deal of charm and literary grace; Mr. Hall performs his extremely difficult task of narrative and interpretation in a workmanlike manner. A still better brief history of China is to be desired; but this is, we think, the best in existence, and indeed a very good one.

Poetry

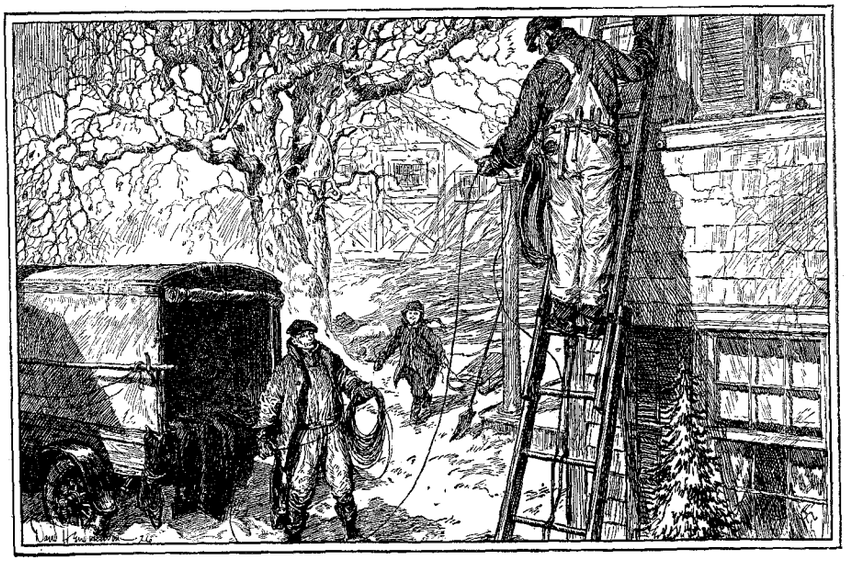
SARGE—DON'T YOU REMEMBER? By Charles Keen Taylor. Late Sgt. Hq. 102 Engrs., 27th Div., A. E. F. The Academy Press, Orange, N. J. $1.

Army poetry from the enlisted man's point of view. Mr. Taylor considers dedicating his book to General Pershing, then to General O'Ryan, but finally withdraws with a salute to both these high personages, and dedicates it to "Buddy." He sings, in barrack-room style, about the horrors of tight uniform collars, about the Frogs, about the rain and mud and cooties. He considers the army coffee, and the cursed-out "Y," about food and all the other pleasures of army life—which, as pleasures, were heavily camouflaged at the time.

Biography

THE SARDONIC SMILE. By Ludwig Diehl. Translation by Louise Collier Willcox. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

The stormy soul of another poet has been brought within the confines of a biographical novel. "The Sardonic Smile" is more biography than novel. The author has made an earnest attempt to penetrate beneath the bitterly ironical front that the



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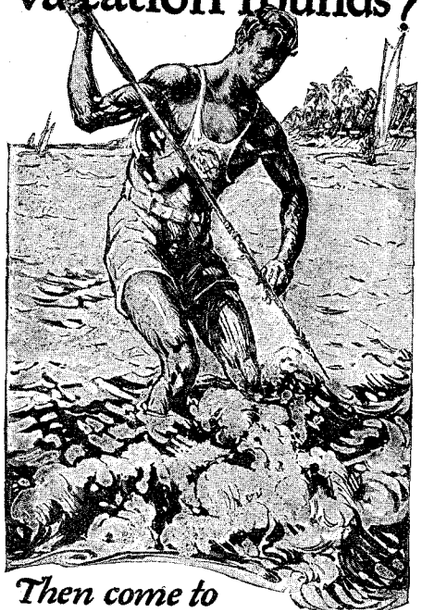

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German poet turned to the world and to understand the yearning of the spirit that was Heinrich Heine.

Following a lonely childhood, "Harry" went to live in Hamburg with a rich uncle whose "Sacred Lady was not Poetry but Industry." He found sympathy there for neither his poetic nor his amorous aspirations, and the publication of his first poems brought in little or no money. Quarrels with his uncle, unrequited love, and an unquenchable ambition drove him forth to start the wanderings which took him over a large part of Europe. In Berlin his first book appeared, and for a time Heinrich Heine seemed to have found his right element in a circle of friends which included Hegel, von Humboldt, and Rachel von Varnhagen, "who understood in him everything that others misunderstood." By a combination of unfortunate circumstances he was forced to leave Berlin and continue alone the heartbreaking struggle against poverty, illness, and the thousand inhibitions that tortured him.

During this period some of his best poetry was written. In an age of artificially elaborate modes of speech Heine's poetry was characterized by economy and simplicity. "He threw open the window of German pedantry and let the sunlight in." Finally, living in Paris, bitter and disillusioned, married to a completely inadequate woman, writing under almost insuperable odds, he dragged his life through a long and painful illness to its end. With insight and sympathy his present biographer probes into the psychology of the passionate tortured spirit, whose longings had always lacked any actual power of the will.

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I SEEK THE TRUTH. By the Ex-Crown Prince William of Germany. J. H. Sears & Co., Inc., New York. $4.

The Crown Prince of Germany was recognized in the half-decade immediately before the war as the bright hope of the military party. By this party and by the people generally he was supposed to incarnate whatever there was of belligerency (and most persons are convinced that there was a very great deal of it) in the German spirit. But apparently everybody was deceived. The Crown Prince must have been really a pacifist at heart, for he argues with much fervor that his father and the Government leaders generally, though their land was hemmed in and encircled by the designing Entente Powers, were all the while resolutely striving to avoid war. They reluctantly accepted the gage of battle only when it was forced upon them. One may read all about it in these 338 large pages of print. It cannot be said that any new material of value has been added, or that the arrangement of the old material is likely to affect public opinion. One may wonder what sort of book the Crown Prince would have written had Germany won the war and dictated the terms of peace, and just how the acts now declared to have been of wholly pacific intent would have been interpreted.

Politics and Government

ISSUES OF EUROPEAN STATESMANSHIP. By B. G. Montgomery. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.50.

This is an American edition, revised and enlarged, of a book previously published in England. It analyzes and interprets current European problems in the light of certain general theories of the state, as-

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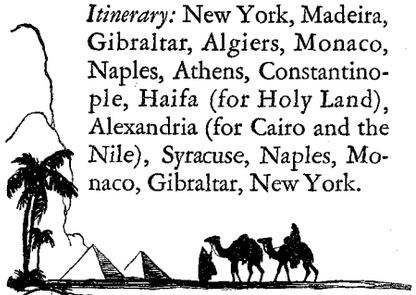

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sails "materialism, class hatred, false democracy, Socialism and Communism" as developments that have come "hand in hand with the general vices of our generation," and offers religion as a panacea. The Russian menace is especially emphasized. Great value is ascribed to the Locarno treaties for having enabled Europe to pass through "one of the gravest moments in its history," though an assumption that Europe is now free from peril is declared to be premature. Serious dangers still prevail, though skill and courage on the part of European statesmen may prevent a clash and a breakdown. The book closes with a note of suspended judgment as to whether humanity in our time will develop for the better or degenerate to the worse. Economic or industrial conditions do not matter; all depends on whether or not the race turns to religion for its temporal, as well as future, salvation. The appendices include the League Covenant, the Locarno treaties, and the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes.

Children's Books

FAIRY TALES FROM INDIA. Edited and Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

Wonderful stories of rajahs, wise parrots, magic tigers, and beautiful princesses. Handsomely presented in large, clear type. The illustrations in color vary from fairly good up to really beautiful, as in the picture of the rajah and the dead parrot.

Religion

THE STORY OF METHODISM. By Halford E. Luccock and Paul Hutchinson. The Methodist Book Concern, New York. $4.

This is the first ecclesiastical use we have seen of the now fashionable "Outline," or popularized, history. Very wise were the Methodists to think of it, and very effectively has their "Story" been told. The pleasant and copious illustrations of Harold Speakman must not be forgotten, and the writers, Halford E. Luccock and Paul Hutchinson, have something more than pleasantness—a power and distinction of their own. Of course, such a story repeats the perennially inspiring story of the Wesleys; and it brings up to date the fortunes of the various English Methodist bodies. But perhaps its most fascinating chapters are those in which the Methodist "man on horseback" wins the west of America. The great names and movements are all there; the splits in the Church, its discipline and business, its missionary and social crusades, down to the present moment; and all the drama of them unfolded makes the reader see again why Edward Everett Hale called the Methodist "the national church of America." This is a book to be recommended to those outside the Church ranks. Let one of them assure his fellow-outsiders that they will miss much if they do not read it—much in human interest and adventure, and much in Christian fellowship as they realize afresh why we all love the Methodists.

Travel

THE ROAD ROUND IRELAND. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

An odd, penetrating book, revealing much, full of pathos and interest. Mr. Colum sees his Ireland with true eyes, even though they be those of a poet. It gives a physical and mental survey of Erin, informative and enjoyable.

THE GREAT ISLAND. Some Observations In and About the Crown Colony of Newfoundland. By Don C. Seitz. The Century Company, New York. $3.

This book is suggested as a guide to the hunter, fisher, investor, or to the casual traveler and sightseer. Mr. Seitz considers Newfoundland's history and geography, its natural resources, Government, men, and scenery. He has the ability to impart information painlessly, and to depart altogether from mere information in order to chat informally and very pleasantly. The hero of the book, after the island itself, is the Newfoundland dog, who, in some sense, inspired the work. There is a chapter devoted to this noble and friendly animal, who seems all the more noble in an age of lap-dogs.

A WAYFARER IN PROVENCE. By E. I. Robson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The mental watchword of the author of this glorified guide-book seems to be, "Whenever you see a hill-village or town, climb up to it." He believes, and rightly, that the way to see a country is to walk as much as possible. However, as a concession to those who never wander far from the smell of gasoline, there is a chapter devoted to expediting the passage of the motorist through Provence.

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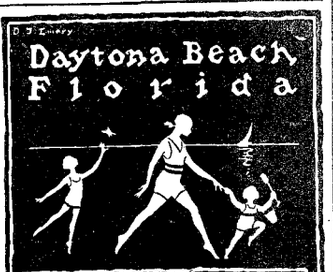

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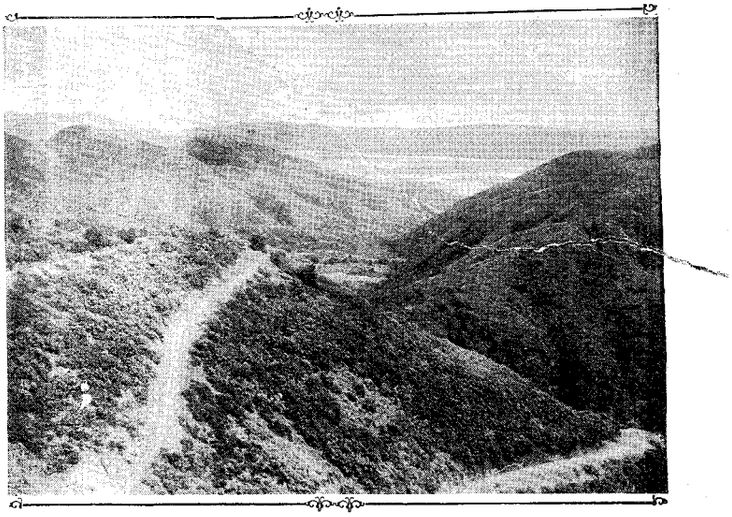

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Here also summer's discomforts are eliminated and its pleasures retained. *Rainless* summer days with low humidity and comfortable warmth are followed by refreshing nights that call for blankets nine times out of ten.

Yes, this is one of the world's finest summer lands. The average mean temperatures in a central city (U. S. Weather Bureau records for the past fifty years)—are 66 degrees for June; 70 for July; 71 for August; and 69 for September—a grand average of 69 for fifty summers.

You must not longer miss the rare advantages of a week, a month, a season in this favored land. Ask your nearest ticket agent to tell you all about the interesting trip. Let him help you plan to come this year. Come via Los Angeles and San Diego, return by way of San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. See the Great Pacific Coast in one memorable trip. Hawaii, too!

Mail coupon below for our new 52-page illustrated booklet, showing in detail what Southern California offers to you, with special chapters on your favorite sport or pastime. Here is the clearest vacationist's picture of Southern California that was ever drawn in words. Send for it today. It's a booklet you'll treasure.

Southern California
All Year Vacation Land Supreme

The city of Los Angeles, with a population of well over a million, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast and is the hub of one of the country's richest agricultural communities.

The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone:

Value of Agricultural and Live Stock Products (1925), $85,912,744; Value of Citrus Products (1925), $23,241,503; Oil Production (1925), 140,000,000 bbls.; Harbor Imports (1925), 4,156,177 tons; Harbor Exports (1925), 16,154,566 tons; Total Harbor Tonnage 20,310,743.

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year 'round crops.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. 1-R, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked:

☐ *Los Angeles* ☐ *Orange* ☐ *Riverside*
☐ *San Bernardino* ☐ *Santa Barbara* ☐ *Ventura*
☐ *San Diego*

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State .....

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BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SPARE-TIME NON-FICTION WRITING. Let one who knows the business of writing show you how to turn your spare moments into money. Requires no literary genius. Material everywhere. I have helped others. Let me help you. Write for the free evidence of what I can do. Floyd L. Darrow, author and journalist, Ashville, N. Y.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

COUNCILOR who will bring boys Maine camp. 7,431, Outlook.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AB-5842, Washington, D. C.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION-attendant or to take charge in nice home where two or three maids are employed by capable middle-aged widow of education and refinement. Free to go anywhere. Excellent references. 7,465, Outlook.

COMPANION, secretary, hostess, or chaperon, by cheerful, refined lady. Free to travel and very capable. Miss A. E. Dungan, 4204 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced traveler, planning to go abroad in January or February, will act as chaperon or companion. Mrs. O. M. Sanborn, Readville, Mass.

SITUATIONS WANTED

LADY of experience wishes position as hostess. 7,467, Outlook.

POSITION as companion, housekeeper, or chaperon. Can go any place; unencumbered, middle-aged, cultured, and traveled. Can give highest references. 7,459, Outlook.

PRIVATE teacher, specializing work with children five to twelve years of age. In touch with best private schools. Very successful with boys. Highly recommended. 7,468, Outlook.

WANTED, in vicinity of Philadelphia, position as head of house, proctor, or housemother in school. Best references. Experienced. 7,463, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as traveling companion by college girl, four years' secretarial experience. References exchanged. Write M. R. M., Vendome, Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

YOUNG woman, graduate Wisconsin University, 1924, desires an opportunity to do some interesting and useful work where it will be possible to accomplish something really worth while. Remuneration and locality entirely secondary considerations. 7,458, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG woman living near New York desires interesting position, traveling companion, secretary. Experienced traveler. Expert driver. References exchanged. 7,[illegible] Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

IDEAL New England home offered for little girl. $85 monthly. 7,456, Outlook.

MOTHER and teacher with psychologic training desires problem child, school age, to take into home. Now caring for one retarded girl. 7,457, Outlook.

WANTED, by married college graduate and teacher, little children, girls preferred, to board in ideal New England home in country. References exchanged. 7,466, Outlook

By the Way

THE word "cheerfully" means cheerfully except in the phrase, "Money cheerfully refunded."

Census Bureau figures in Washington reveal the fact that the mail-order business of Sears, Roebuck totaled $214,726,000 during the first ten months of 1926, and that Montgomery Ward did $156,283,000 over the same period of time. Woolworth's chain of 1,451 five-and-ten-cent stores showed an increase in sales of six per cent. Magazine advertising increased nine per cent, while newspaper advertising showed a gain of only 4.9 per cent.

"Comrade," said the president, "before you can be admitted to our society you must answer three questions. First, what would you do if you were left two million rubles?"

The candidate thought a minute and then said: "I would give one million to the party and keep the other myself."

"Good. And if you had two houses?"

"I'd give one to the party and keep the other."

"Very good! And what would you do if you had two pairs of trousers?

There was a long pause, and then the candidate stammered, "Comrade, I—I don't know."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see—I really have two pairs of trousers."

From the "Christian Register:"

"But during those joyful festivities," said the smiling Sunday school superintendent, "there was one, I regret to say, who took no interest whatever in the proceedings, and utterly refused to participate in the general rejoicing. He was not moved by the happiness of the father at the return of his wayward son, and sulkily refused to unite in the merry-making. Can any one of you tell who this was?" "Yes, sir. The fatted calf."

American moving pictures are exported to every country in the world. Australia buys the most American films, purchasing during the first nine months of 1926 19,441,392 feet, an increase of 816,028 feet over the same period in 1925. Canada comes second; and then follow Argentina, the United Kingdom, Brazil, France, Mexico, Straits Settlements, Germany, and Japan in the order named.

From the Boston "Transcript:"

Farmer: "Hi, there! What are you doing up in my cherry tree?"

Youngster: "Dere's a notice down dere to keep off de grass."

A few of the high lights from Wilstach's "Best Similes of 1926:"

A modern college is like a cafeteria—boys select what they want to study.—*Glenn Frank.*

Unfriendly to the touch as a horsehair sofa.—*Charles L. Brown.*

Red cheeks like varnished apples.—*Edith Wharton.*

Necessary as the black squares in a cross-word puzzle.—*New York World.*

Terrible as a radio trio.

Bashful as a sophomore in a racoon coat.

Brutally frank as a passport photograph.

An extract from a London letter printed in the "Japan Chronicle," of Kobe, Japan:

It is fine here this autumn but extremely cold. What beats me is how the women can walk about with little or no clothes, and skirts that do not reach their knees. It used to be said that the coward hid behind a woman's skirts. Nowadays if he can do that he is not a coward; he is a magician.

From the "Passing Show:"

Mistress: "Can you explain why it is, Mary, that every time I come into this kitchen I find you reading?"

New maid: "It must be those rubber heels of yours, mum!"

News item from the Woodstock (Vermont) "Herald:"

Pete, the pet goose was run over by Clyde Hite's Ford delivery truck Tuesday in front of the Court House. Pete was only slightly injured. The toe on the back of the right propeller was lacerated and first aid was administered by his owner, Mr. T. Glenn Locke. Iodine the great world remedy was used. Truck owners should drive more cautiously in the congested parts of the town.

Pete is a great favorite among all the town folks and surrounding country as he is friendly to all.

From the "New Yorker:"

Going to the Passport Bureau in the old Sub-Treasury building on Wall Street, we discovered a truly touching scene, which is continuous throughout the day. Citizens, upon making their application, raise their right hands on high and swear to uphold the Constitution of the United States. Our eyes were moist, but there was a lady present whose eyes were not. As we went down the steps behind her just after her husband had sworn his impressive oath, we heard her say, "Now, for Heaven's sake, don't forget we have no gin for the party to-night."

In his "Diary in America," written in the late thirties, Captain Frederick Marryat, the novelist of the sea, observes anent "the small State of New Jersey" that "she has the credit of supplying the American champagne, which is said to be concocted of turnip juice mixed with brandy and honey." This he describes as "a pleasant and harmless drink, a very good imitation and may be purchased at six or seven dollars a dozen."

From "Harper's Magazine:"

The story goes that several college presidents were discussing what they would do after they retired. What would they be fit for, was the question. "Well," said one of them, "I don't know that I'd be *fit* for anything, but I know what I'd like to do. I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum, so that I would never get any letters from parents." "I've a much better ambition," exclaimed another. "I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

CARMEN PROBOSCISUM

How sweet are the snores of our fellows
As they swell in the Pullman at night,
Outscoring the lute of Apollo
Played on the Olympian height.

Each nostril does its full duty,
Producing a share of the sound
In alto, soprano, and tenor,
And especially basso profound.

They say in distant Uganda
The flute is played by the nose;
In the sleeper we get it *au naturel,*
Without any reed's interpose.

Grand as the greatest pipe organ
Outflows the vast volume of tone,
Alto, tenor, soprano competing,
While the basso goes it alone.

What a pity that all of the music
Should be cooped up—canned in a car!
Won't somebody take a loudspeaker
And spread it melodious afar?

Waft it even up to the angels
As well as to all here below—
The alto, soprano, and tenor
And also profundo basso!

DON C. SEITZ.

Dr. L. W. Hackett contributes the following anagram. Five words of five letters each are needed to complete it. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

The doctor called his new ——
To write some —— upon the ——.
His learned —— began to flow,
But she acknowledged herself beaten;
My head may be of ——, I know,
But that's a word I'm incomplete on.

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By the Way

"WILL you join our indignation meeting to-night?" the old army officer was asked. "We want to make a strong protest."

"With pleasure, sir. Er—what's the protest about?"

Add to similes:

No more chance than a crippled grasshopper in a pen of turkeys.—*Wayne B. Wheeler.*

Flat as the back of a bobbed-haired girl's head.—*Will Rogers.*

Nervous as a jellyfish on a flivver's fender.—*Judge.*

Empty as a Detroit stable.

Knocked him cold as a form letter.

Inconspicuous as a new filling station.

Charles Merz queried six of the most important editors in the country as to their opinions of the biggest news stories of 1926. The "first ten" as listed by Mr. Merz in the "New Republic" were:

The Hall-Mills Case (first by an overwhelming majority); the general strike in England; the Dempsey-Tunney fight; the death of Rudolph Valentino; the trans-arctic flight of the airship Norge; Queen Marie; the Florida hurricane; the World Series; Byrd's flight to the Pole; Calles and the Catholic Church in Mexico.

Other stories which received several votes but not enough to qualify were Aimee McPherson, the President Roosevelt's rescue at sea, Peaches Browning, and the Eucharistic Congress.

When asked to define the really essential element in "big news," William Allen White said, "Human importance;" Kent Cooper said, "Human disaster;" and the others agreed that it was some composite into which crime, sex, novelty, and conflict entered in varying degree.

Fremont Older frankly admitted that "competition is growing and there is more pressure on all of us as time passes. . . . We editors select news according to the appeal in it, trying always to play the story that has the widest appeal. Sometimes it is a football game, sometimes a prize-fight, sometimes a murder mystery, and sometimes a scandal, but we are always striving to estimate as near as we can the story that will sell the greatest number of papers."

From the Indianapolis "News:"

Little Gene was very anxious to know the age of her aunt, so she asked her grandmother. "I really don't know," said her grandmother. "I'd have to look it up in the family Bible." "Is auntie old enough to be in the Bible?" Gene gasped.

From "Punch:"

Mistress: "What would you like for Christmas, cook?"

Cook: "One of them 'goin' away' suitcases would be handy, mum."

Some husbands have a den, while others growl all over the house.—"Suburban Coach Topics."

From the Manchester "Guardian:"

It is war time. Seeing a khaki-clad figure passing, the private called out, "Hey, Buddie, gimme a light." The other obligingly held out a burning match. The doughboy, looking up to thank his "buddie," discovered to his amazement the star of a brigadier. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "I didn't mean any disrespect. I didn't notice you was a general." "That's all right, Buddie," said the general—who apparently was a "regular guy"—"but you should thank God I wasn't a second lieutenant."

Graham McNamee, we are told, received $2,000 and expenses to and from California for painting his graphic word picture of the Leland Stanford-University of Alabama football game over the radio from Pasadena on New Year's Day. A single telephone wire carried McNamee's voice from Pasadena to New York City. From there it was relayed back across the country, requiring 24,000 miles of telephone wire for the feat.

"There is one thing about having gone to college," said the capitalist as the nineteenth classmate that day was leaving, "I'll never have to buy my bonds from a stranger."

The New York "World's" Bureau in Rome reports that when the King of Italy was signing some state paper he dropped his handkerchief. Mussolini picked it up and said, "I trust your Majesty will allow me to keep this as a souvenir." "I fear not," answered the King. "It is the one thing left which you let me put my nose into."

From the Boston "Transcript:"

"Sarah ammoniac—you have it, of course."

"Do you mean sal ammoniac?" asked the druggist.

"I believe it is sometimes called that," replied the lady, stiffly.

The story of the rise in sales of the Canada Dry Ginger Ale Company adds testimony to the slogan "It Pays to Advertise." A report of that company states:

"In 1922, with no advertising, sales amounted to 1,690,050 bottles. In 1923 with an advertising expenditure of $110,268 the sales were 6,230,100 bottles. In 1924, when the appropriation was $361,988, the sales amounted to 23,480,250 bottles and in 1925, with $848,571 spent on advertising, the sales reached 51,783,300.

"Advertising expenditures in 1923 amounted to 1.7 cents a bottle. In 1925, while the company had increased advertising expenditures eight times, the cost per bottle had declined to 1.6 cents. In 1925 sales were eight times those of 1923, but 1925 earnings were more than 16 times the 1923 figures. Net for the first quarter of 1926 was more than 43 times the net for the corresponding period of 1923 and eight times greater than for the first quarter of 1924."

We were in error in placing the Dillon House (where an annual dinner is given to all couples married more than fifty years) in South Paris, Maine. The Dillon House is located in Milo, Maine.

An easy anagram. Five words of six letters each are needed to complete it. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

Oh, Midsummer Night, with thy silver moonbeams,
Thy —— and —— awaken old dreams.
Thou —— and —— with passionate touch;
But yet, I can't hand the —— very much.

Answer to last week's anagram: "Steno," "notes," "seton," "tones," and "stone."

Who doesn't Like Chocolate Cake!

57 Highest Awards in Europe and America

THE BEST RESULTS ARE OBTAINED BY USING

Baker's Chocolate

(Blue Wrapper Yellow Label)

In making Cakes, Pies, Puddings Frosting, Ice Cream, Sauces Fudges, Hot and Cold Drinks

For more than 145 years this chocolate has been the standard for purity, delicacy of flavor and uniform quality

The trade mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on every genuine package

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS.
Canadian Mills at Montreal

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

Little "Ads" That Reach Far

The Outlook Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of The Outlook is world-wide.

Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

Whooping Cough

Parents describe the relief obtained, particularly at night, as wonderful. Introduced in 1879, the value of Vaporized Cresolene has been demonstrated for nearly fifty years in the treatment of whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

Vaporized near the bed at night, simplicity of treatment is assured and internal medication avoided.

When children complain of sore throat use at once.

Send for descriptive booklet 31A
For Sale by Druggists

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg. Montreal, Canada

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